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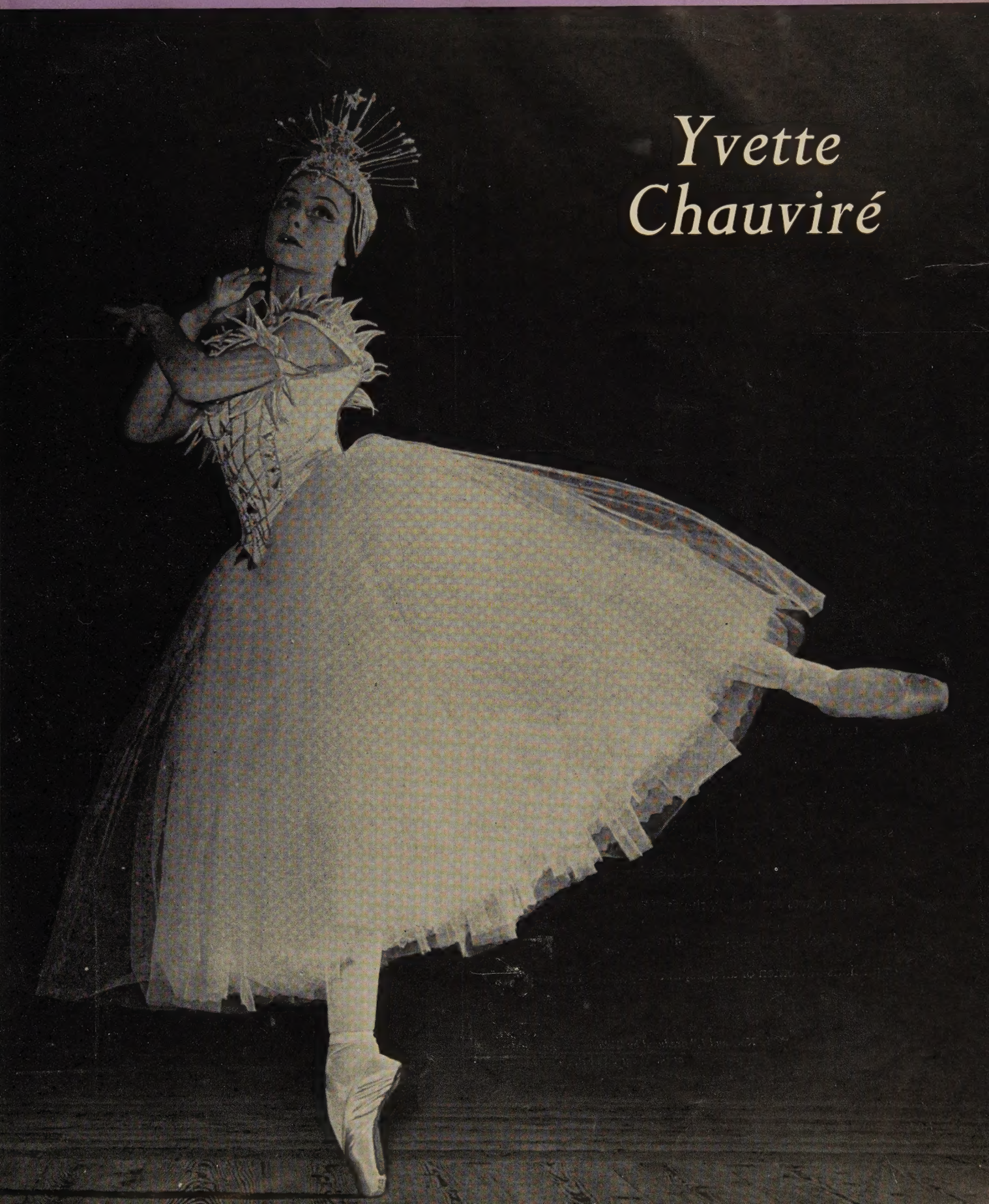

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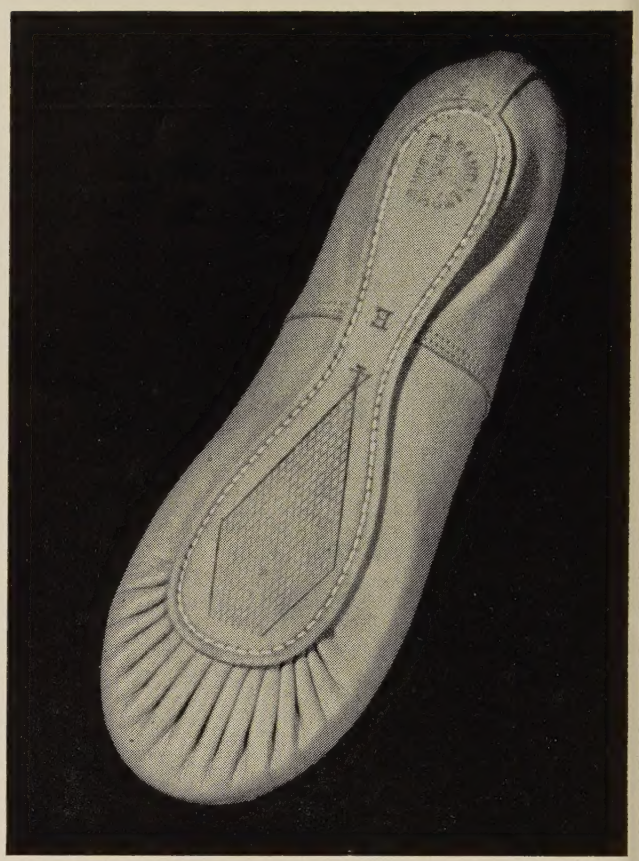

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Personality of the month

Lander on Bournonville's chair in the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen.

HARALD LANDER

Reason: For performing the miracle of instilling into Festival Ballet in the space of two weeks, the style of a school to which they were not accustomed.

THE chair in which Lander is sitting, in the above picture, is a sacred object in Denmark. From it their greatest Ballet Master and choreographer—August Bournonville—would direct the company for which he, more than anybody, was responsible. No other person alive today has more right to sit in it than Harald Lander who, a few years ago, left his native country to become a ballet master at the Paris Opéra.

But though Lander has been responsible for bringing the works of Bournonville to the rest of the world, he started off by hating the old master's ballets as being old-fashioned. Born in Copenhagen in 1905, Lander was taken into the Royal Theatre at the age of eight. He studied with Bournonville's favourite pupil, Hans Beck, and with the famous dancer, Madame Borchsenius. He studied music also.

With the arrival of Fokine in Denmark, Lander began to realise the life behind the dance. Later, like so many other Danish dancers, he temporarily left his native country and went to America. In 1929 he became Premier Danseur at the Royal Theatre and later was appointed its Ballet Master. Gradually, with encouragement from Hans Beck, he began to adore the work of Bournonville until he felt that he was responsible for the master's work being perpetuated.

Had it not been for the love and devotion put into these revivals, there is no doubt that the Royal Danish Ballet would never have achieved the success it did in London. To watch Lander re-creating *Napoli* for Festival Ballet was a great lesson. Everything was worked out to the minutest detail before the rehearsal so that not a moment was wasted. He explained the style so charmingly and clearly to the dancers that they could not help but master it quickly. His attention to detail was extraordinary—in a moment, a dumb group of dancers became animated and natural. Both his work and the dancing of his wife, Toni, injected new life into the English dance. Let us have more of the Landers and of Bournonville please!

October 1954 Vol. 5 No. 10

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE BARNES

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

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SALUT, PARIS OPERA

FOR some years now we have, in the pages of *Dance and Dancers*, repeatedly bemoaned the fact that companies from all over the world appear in London but that France's great national company has not yet danced to the sound of Bow Bells. Now at last they are here in Covent Garden and the occasion is made happier by the fact that our own Sadler's Wells is dancing simultaneously at the Paris Opéra. Let us hope that the audiences in both countries give each company due consideration and realise the difference in temperament. In Paris they may find the English dancers rather cold, in London they may find the French dancers too flamboyant but these are national characteristics and should not be allowed to obscure the very real worth of both companies. There is a great deal that each country can learn from the other so perhaps, for a change, people might try and learn instead of revelling in any mistakes that occur. Whatever the outcome, this exchange is a move in the right direction and in welcoming it we also welcome our guests and hope they will find their way across the channel more often.

NOT A WORD EATEN

"NOW, perhaps you will eat your words about revivals" said our favourite irate critic after the success of the Sadler's Wells' *Firebird* and the Festival Ballet *Napoli*. I have never flattered myself that my words were of the quality to make an edible meal or pungent enough to choke myself. But I will admit, and with the greatest happiness, that both revivals have added excitement and dignity to the dampest ballet summer, in every sense, that I can ever remember. I never dared to hope that I should see again a *Firebird* that brought back, and without seeming to be dated in any way, the spirit and magnificence of the Russian Ballet. Sadler's Wells have done a splendid job and in so doing have paid homage to the Grigorievs and Madame Karsavina who were mainly responsible for this revival.

But none of this is allaying my fear about the future. Revivals may keep companes going for a year or so but without the hand of the creator the performance dwindles to insignificance. Take for instance the Wells' revivals of *La Boutique Fantasque* and *The Three-Cornered Hat* which are but pitiful shadows of what they were. It is a noticeable, and obvious, fact that every decline in ballet has been preceded by a lack of creative talent.

The sad thing about the present situation is that in England we do not lack creative talent. We have many choreographers just rarin' to go but the poor dears have nowhere to go. We are sending companies out to tour the world but neither is showing a repertoire that will give any impression of Britain as a creative force. From America we get Martha Graham and Balanchine; from France, Roland Petit and the Paris Opéra—all of them show that every attempt is being made to add something new to the dance even if we may not agree with all that we see.

Precious years are being wasted because the creative years of a choreographer are no more numerous than the dancing years of a dancer. The atmosphere and environment has to be vital in order to get the best from a creator. In England we have sunk back into apathy and unless something is done very quickly the bog is going to suck us down further and there will be no return. I am not impressed by the boast of constant full houses for revivals. This kind of public will turn with equal ease to opera tomorrow and to *Sleeping Beauty on Ice* the day after. Ballet has always existed on excitement and novelty, without them—then goodbye ballet!

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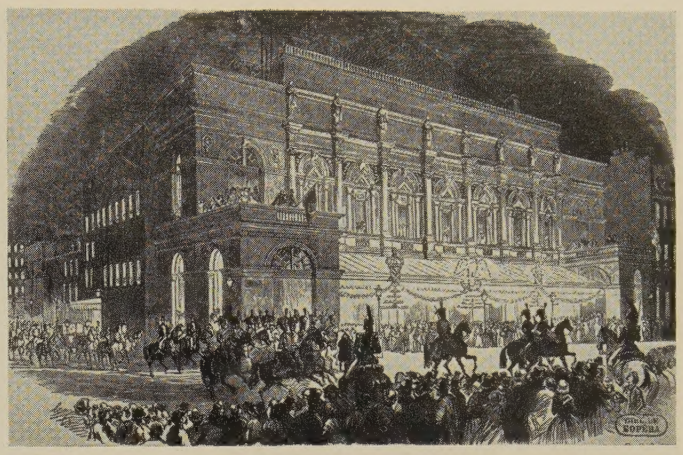
The Paris Opéra

during the Second Empire

One of the most colourful periods in the history of the great company of the Paris Opéra, now appearing at Covent Garden, was during the Second Empire.

by IVOR GUEST



To whom we are grateful for allowing us to reproduce these excerpts from Vol. I of his *The Ballet of the Second Empire* not yet published. Vol. II of this important work was published by A. & C. Black last year.

BY 1847, the Paris Opéra had occupied, for little more than a quarter of a century, an unpretentious site in the Rue Le Peletier, one of the streets leading off the then fashionable Boulevard des Italiens. It had originally been intended only as a temporary opera house.

The previous theatre, in the Rue de Richelieu, had been the scene of the assassination of the Duc de Berry, the nephew of King Louis XVIII, in February, 1820. The Archbishop of Paris, who was called to administer the Last Sacrament to the Duke as he lay dying within the building, would do so only on being given an assurance that the theatre would afterwards be demolished.

France was then still recovering from the Napoleonic Wars, and, as a measure of economy, much of the materials from the old building went towards the erection of the new theatre in the Rue Le Peletier, which was intended to serve only until better times permitted a permanent opera house to be built. However, the temporary building was to prove more lasting than most of its predecessors, remaining the home of the *Académie de Musique* for more than fifty years before it was consumed by flames on an October night in 1873.

The theatre had been built in the grounds of the Hôtel Choiseul, which had itself been incorporated to house the administrative offices. The façade, on the Rue Le Peletier, might have been imposing, had the theatre been situated with a large open space before it, but it was marred by an ugly metal awning above the entrance. Unwisely the architect had placed statues of the Muses upon the eight columns that rose up between the windows on the first floor, for it was commonly said that he had forgotten the Muse of Architecture.

Entering the theatre, one passed from an outer into an inner vestibule, on either side of which a wide stairway led to the boxes of the first tier and the *foyer public*, a room stretching the full width of the building, and decorated in white and gold, with hangings of amaranth and orange. Other stairways gave access from the inner vestibule to the pit, the *baignoires* and the orchestra stalls, and to the upper tiers of the house.

The auditorium was large enough to seat an audience of nearly two thousand, and, thanks to the large amount of wood used in its construction, was acoustically superior to that of any other theatre in Paris. Behind the curtain, the stage was very spacious, having a proscenium width of more than 40 feet and a depth of more than 80 feet; there was ample room at the side of the stage for storage, while backcloths could be flown and set-pieces lowered beneath the stage by means of a complex system of machinery.

The strength of the ballet company at the Opéra, exclusive of supers, increased during the Second Empire from about a hundred and twenty to more than a hundred and fifty, representing approximately one-fifth of the total number of persons employed there.

The supers, including *écuyers* and *écuyères* for scenes in which horses were used, numbered nearly fifty; and crowd scenes were also, where necessary, augmented by children from the Opéra dancing school, who were given a small fee if they were not yet in receipt of a salary.

Company on military lines

That a company of such a size should be organized on a quasi-military basis was hardly surprising. In command was the *maître* de *ballet en chef*, or *premier maître de ballet*, generally the principal choreographer; a post successively filled, between 1847 and 1870, by Jean Coralli, Saint-Léon, Mazilier, Lucien Petipa, Justament and Mérante. During the last ten of these years, the importance of this personage declined as a result of a policy that often subordinated him to a guest choreographer from abroad—such as Marius Petipa, Borri, Rota—or to Marie Taglioni or Saint-Léon, whose prestige entitled them to respect from even the greatest of their contemporaries.

By 1870, the duties of the *premier maître de ballet* seemed to have shrunk to conducting the rehearsals of Saint-Léon's ballets during the great man's absence and devising divertissements for operas.

To assist the *premier maître de ballet*, there was often a *second maître de ballet*, a post occupied in 1848 by Auguste Mabille, a son of the founder of the Bal Mabille, and later by Lucien Petipa.

Another official was the *régisseur de la danse*, who was responsible for discipline. Throughout the greater part of the Second Empire, this office was held by Francisque Garnier Berthier, who had graduated from the Porte-Saint-Martin and specialized in comedy rôles. He was punctuality personified, and ruled his charges with a mixture of severity and kindness.

"I shall go mad!" he was heard to cry one day. "I shall hand in my resignation if this continues! There is little Chatenay eating again on the stage, and Mlle. Gaujelin wearing a bouquet of roses in her bodice!"

A friend suggested a fine of half a day's pay on the offenders.

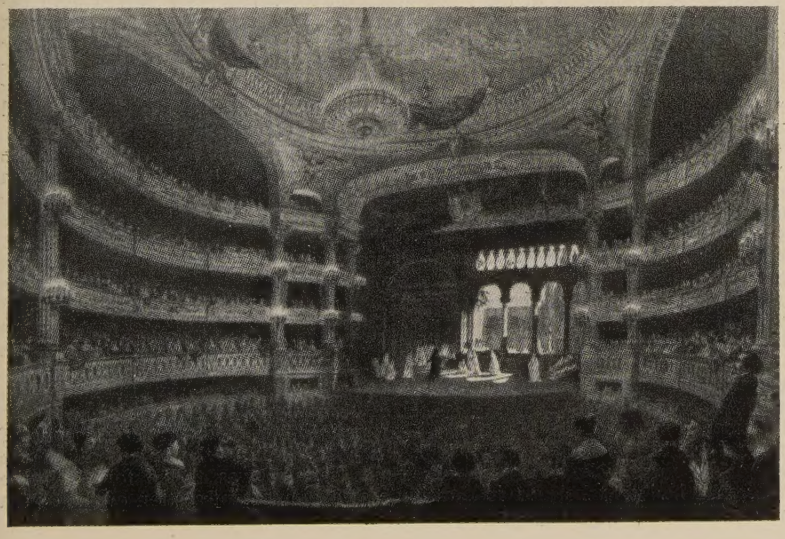
"Half a day's pay!" exclaimed Berthier, his anger suddenly vanishing. "Why not demand their heads, the poor children!"

Berthier was not unnaturally very popular, and many dancers—Adeline Plunkett, Mme. Dominique, Lucien Petipa, Jules Perrot and Louis Mérante among them—were present at the banquet given after his marriage, in 1857, to a deaf and dumb girl. He retired in 1867, being succeeded as *régisseur* by Eugène Coralli, but resumed his service, as a mime, after the Franco-German War; among the rôles that he then took over was that of Coppélius in *Coppélia*. A paralytic stroke put an end to his career in the summer of 1874, and he died late in December the following year.

Importance of the Regisseur

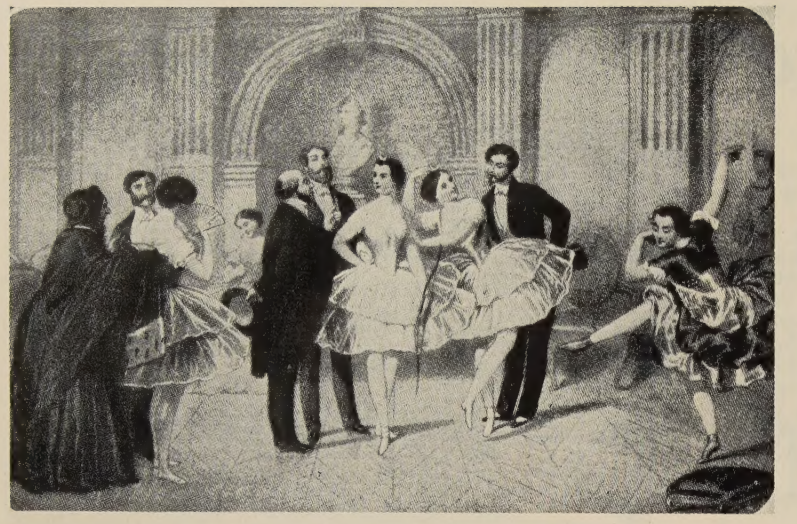
Eugène Coralli's tenure of office as *régisseur de la danse* was short. In the winter of 1869-70, he let it be known that he wished to retire, but Perrin persuaded him to continue his functions until the rehearsals of *Coppélia* were finished.

He was then succeeded by Édouard Pluque, who was to hold the post until well into the 'nineties. Pluque had been a member of the ballet company in the early 'fifties, but had interrupted his career to serve for a time in the Cent Gardes, the *élite* bodyguard of the Emperor. Later he had distinguished himself in a brave attempt to save Emma Livry. He was a far less attractive personality than good Berthier: boorish, awkward in speech, obsequious towards his superiors and a bully to the



Above. The exterior of the Paris Opéra during the period of this article. Napoleon III *and the Empress Eugénie are seen arriving.*

Left. The interior in the 1850*'s during a performance of the Ballet of the Nuns in* Robert le Diable.



The Foyer de la Danse where the most distinguished abonnés were allowed to go during the performance. It became a centre of fashionable life during the Second Empire.

weak, he inspired fear in the hearts of the dancers where Berthier had won their affection.

The dancers of the company, both male and female, were divided into two large groups, known collectively as the *sujets* and the *corps de ballet*.

The path to the *corps de ballet* generally led through the dancing school attached to the Opéra, the *Conservatoire de danse*, situated at No. 1 Rue Richer, and under the immediate control of the Director and, after the reorganization of 1860, supervised by the principal teacher, the *professeur de la classe de perfectionnement*.

The two most prominent *professeurs de la classe de perfectionnement* during the Second Empire were Louis François Gosselin, who was appointed in 1853 and gave lessons to Cerrito, Rosati and Bogdanova, and Marie Taglioni, who succeeded him after his death in 1860. Among the other teachers were Mathieu, Sciot (1848-63) and Adice (who was retired in 1867).

If not the most famous, certainly the most loved, of all the teachers of this time was Mme. Dominique. Born Caroline Lassiat, she had entered the Opéra as a child of ten in 1830, and had danced for many years under the name of Mlle. Caroline. She married a violinist in the orchestra, M. Dominique-Venettozza, who was said to be so enamoured of her that he had to be excused from his duty whenever she was dancing. She began to teach in 1853, when she was given charge of the elementary class for girls, and from 1872 until her retirement in 1879, she held the post of *professeur de la classe de perfectionnement*. She formed many of the most promising dancers of the time during her long career as a teacher—Emma Livry, Marie Vernon, Léontine Beaugrand, Giuseppina Bozzacchi—as well as teaching many of the stars who came to the Opéra from abroad such as Grantzow, Fioretti, Pitteri, Sangalli and Mauri. She died on June 1st, 1885.

Blue-print for national company

The *Règlement pour le service du Corps des ballets et du Conservatoire de danse de l'Opéra*, which was drawn up in 1860 in the light of recommendations made by Maria Taglioni and Sciot, prescribed the division of the school into seven classes: elementary classes for boys and girls and secondary classes for men and women—previously the sexes had not been separated—in which the pupils were initiated into the evolutions of the *corps de ballet*, a class for the study of the ballets and divertissements in the repertory, the *classe de perfectionnement* (significantly, for women only), and a mime class, which was devoted mainly to studying rôles. Every member of the *corps de ballet* up to the rank of *coryphée* was obliged to attend the school, and *sujets* earning not more than 10,000 francs a year had the right to attend the *classe de perfectionnement*; the teachers also had to give free personal tuition to *coryphées* who had been excused from duty to prepare for their promotion to *petit sujet*, until their débuts.

Pupils were admitted to the school between the ages of seven and ten, and older only if they showed exceptional promise. They had to undergo a medical test and also an entrance examination, which was held three times a year before a committee consisting of the *maître de ballet*, the teachers, and the *régisseur de la danse*.

Through their parents, they entered into articles of apprenticeship with the Opéra, which placed them under the obligation to serve for five years in the quadrilles of the *corps de ballet*, when they were ready and a vacancy occurred, in return for free tuition.

The girls were given four pairs of ballet shoes, two skirts and two bodices annually, and the boys just four pairs of ballet shoes. Generally the pupils received no pay until they entered a quadrille, although occasionally one showing unusual promise might be awarded a small *encouragement*, if admission to the quadrilles was delayed only for want of a vacancy.

The diary of a ballet girl

These years of apprenticeship were very hard. Berthe Bernay, who became a *premier sujet* and a teacher later in the century, remembered the early stages of her career with justifiable bitterness.

"I was seven," she wrote, "when on April 7th, 1863, after the compulsory medical examination, I began to study dancing at the Opéra. My parents, who were not well off, lived at Belleville, on the heights of the Rue du Faubourg-du-Temple, now near the Buttes-Chaumont. Nearly all my little companions—I might even say, all—lived, like me, with their parents at a similar distance from the Opéra, and in the same sort of district. I have said that I was seven years old. Winter and summer, my mother used to wake me up at half past seven in the morning to go to work, and I had to leave home so as to be dressed and ready to dance in the scenery-store in the Rue Richer, where the classes were then held, on the stroke of nine o'clock. Needless to say, omnibus fares were beyond my small means, and I had to walk. What journeys there were, the reader can judge for himself!

"The morning lesson lasted from nine o'clock until half past ten. Afterwards, I changed and returned home for lunch at mid-day. But I was not always sure that I would be finished after my lesson. I was not always so lucky as to get back so early. Often I had to take part in rehearsals at the Opéra itself, for the young pupils such as myself were employed as supers. When this happened I used to have lunch in the Rue Richer with my mother off the modest ration we had brought in our basket—never have I forgotten that basket!—and afterwards we went to the Rue Drouot to attend the rehearsal, which lasted until two o'clock. Only then was I free to make my return journey to Belleville. Then, if I was appearing on the stage in the evening, we walked back once again to be in time for the call at eight o'clock.

Finally, when the performance had finished at midnight, I set out for home. My poor mother literally used to drag me along on her arm, and at one o'clock in the morning, worn out, we arrived home, where my father was waiting up for us. We slept hastily, and set out once again for my class at eight o'clock the next morning.

I used to earn a fee of one franc for the rehearsal, and the same for the performance in the evening. I followed this calling, at this price and in these conditions, from the age of seven to the age of thirteen."

Slow ascent

After entering the third quadrille, which comprised sixteen pupils and carried with it an *encouragement* of 300 francs a year, a girl might hope to be promoted through the various grades of the *corps de ballet*: through the second quadrille, composed of two classes each of eight dancers, and the first quadrille, which was similarly constituted, to the rank of *coryphée*. There were sixteen *coryphées* too, and these also were divided into two classes; a *coryphée* of the first class could in time earn 1,500 francs a year.

From *coryphée*, she would be promoted *sujet*, and as such make her official début: being first a *petit sujet*, earning up to about 2,500 francs a year; then rising to *grand sujet*, with a salary mounting to about 5,000 francs; and finally becoming a *première danseuse*, when she might receive between 10,000 and 20,000 francs a year. Higher still in the hierarchy was the *étoile* (the term was not yet in official use), almost without exception a foreign dancer, and generally Italian, earning a salary correspondingly higher: seldom less than 30,000 francs a year, and often much more, and sometimes, before the Opéra was taken over by the State in 1854, augmented by a fixed bonus given for each performance. Carolina Rosati was being paid at the rate of more than 60,000 francs a year when she left the Opéra in 1859, a figure never exceeded nor even approached during the Second Empire and for very many years afterwards.

The male dancers, who were less in number, were organized on a somewhat similar basis, but the annual salary of the best seldom exceeded 10,000 francs. When Saint-Léon was simultaneously fulfilling the duties of *premier danseur*, *premier maître de ballet* and *professeur de la classe de perfectionnement*, he only received 24,000 francs a year, inclusive of all his royalties on his ballets.

The *Réglement* of 1860 also inaugurated the system of examinations, on the results of which depended the promotion from one rank in the *corps de ballet* to another. It laid down that the examining Jury should consist of the Director, the stage manager, the *maître de ballet*, the *professeur de la classe de perfectionnement*, the *régisseur de la danse*, and several *sujets* selected by the Director. The first of these examinations was held on April 13th, 1860, before a Jury which included Alphonse Royer, Marie Taglioni, Amalia Ferraris, Emma Livry, Lucian Petipa and Louis Mérante.

A not unimportant factor in the decline of ballet as an art during the latter half of the nineteenth century was to be found in the attitude of an important section of the Opéra audience.

"The man of fashion at the Opera," wrote Charles Yriarte in 1867, "with his box or his stall, his favourite dancer, his opera-glasses, and his right of entry backstage, has a horror of anything which remains on the bills for a long time, of anything artistic, which must be listened to, respected, or requires an effort to be understood.

The man of fashion . . . has little use for the sublime strophes of the great Gluck; he wants the brisk and lively melodies of M. Auber, the adorable flutterings of Mlle. Fioretti or Mlle. Fonta, the fairylike effects of *Giselle* and the ethereal *pirouettes* of the Wilis, the *ballonné* of Mlle. Baratte, the alluring shape of Mlle. Morando in travesty. There is no need to go further."

Dancers rather than the dance

The attraction, to many people, was in fact the *danseuses* rather than the dance itself. To be the protector of an Opéra dancer was then one of the most coveted hallmarks of fashion, for it was one that could generally be obtained only by the select few who had the right of entry into the Foyer de la Danse.

This room, situated immediately behind the stage, was very unpretentious, having originally been designed merely for the use of the dancers. Modestly decorated and not very brightly lit, its principal, and almost only, ornament was a bust of Guimard which had been bequeathed to the Opéra by the dancer Nivelon; its floor sloped gently down towards a mirror, and a *barre* ran round the other three walls.

Since the Revolution of 1830, a few of the most distinguished *abonnés* had been granted the privilege of admission backstage during the performance, with the result that by the Second Empire, the Foyer de la Danse had become an important centre of fashionable life. How this social institution came to affect the ballet can well be judged from an observation of Léo Lespès in 1864. "It is since [the Restoration]," he wrote, "that Swiss village girls, peasants from the Abruzzi, and flower-girls from the Marché des Innocents have been seen with 6,000 francs glittering at the tips of their ears and emerald rings more numerous than those worn on her fingers by the beauty imprisoned in the depths of the sea."

Fanny Cerrito as Fenella in La Muette de *Portici.*

Carlotta Grisi as Ysaure and Jules Perrot as Alain in his La Filleule des Fées, *first given at the Opéra in* 1849.

The proficiency of the company certainly suffered, for some dancers considered it more important to gratify the *abonnés* in the Foyer de la Danse and elsewhere, than the public. "What's the use of doing yourself so much harm, when you can please just as well with much less effort," exclaimed an exasperated ballet girl who had tried to perform *doubles tours sur la pointe* and had finished in an undignified position on the floor. "If you haven't a good figure, you must use your talent, but if you are pretty and well-formed, that makes up for everything."

A visit to the Foyer de la Danse was said to be one of the four things that an ordinary tourist in Paris could not hope to enjoy. "Admission to this inner shrine of Grace and Beauty could not be obtained by money—that is, by money unaided by influence." It was reserved exclusively for the men who held the reins of fashion, and in particular, for the members of the select Jockey Club, who occupied seven of the proscenium boxes and one large *baignoire*.

The forgathering in the Foyer de la Danse before the ballet was no less a ritual for the dancers, who never thought of remaining in their dressing-rooms, but came to show themselves to the *abonnés*, to talk and joke and flirt and receive the homage that was their due. Most of them had been brought up from childhood in the Opéra, and knew its traditions almost by instinct. Rarely did one of them take as a lover someone who had not the right of entry backstage.

Mothers at bay

Those almost legendary creatures, the dancer's mothers, were not allowed in the Foyer de la Danse, but they were never very far away. When the performance was over, they collected in a formidable band by the stage-door. "Epic scenes took place there," recalled de Maugny. "I have seen damsels departing triumphantly on an admirer's arm after a good quarter of an hour's parley with *maman*. I have seen some disappear surreptitiously behind their duenna's back, leaving her prey to an epileptic agitation; and others carrying on brazenly beneath their very nose and receiving a volley of blows that would have frightened a street-porter." It was often prudent to negotiate with the mother before laying siege to the daughter.

The amorous adventures of ballet girls was a very popular theme during the Second Empire, and it often escaped notice that many dancers were in fact highly principled women and followed serious pursuits in their hours of leisure. "What a paltry opinion novelists have of the ballet girl's virtue," commented *Le Figaro* in 1859. "There is not one Parisian novel which does not introduce a banker or a man of fashion who keeps a ballet girl of the Opéra. But the *Académie de Musique* barely contains thirty *danseuses*, so that even if the *rats* and supers were included, there would be at least a thousand happy admirers for each of them."

Theatre critics fulfil a dual purpose: they are at the same time arbiters of contemporary taste and chroniclers. To future generations, their contribution is almost as important as that of the dancers themselves, for such is the ephemeral nature of a theatrical art that its history must largely be written from their accounts.

The Second Empire was very fortunate in its possession of ballet critics. Seldom, before or since, has such a profusion of literary talent been gathered together in the service of the dance. Among them were Jules Janin, *le prince de la critique*, who contributed to the *Journal des Débats* for some forty years . . . genial, good-natured Théophile Gautier, poet and novelist as well as critic, and in later life appointed to the sinecure of librarian to the Princesse Mathilde . . . Pier Angelo Fiorentino, the translator of Dante's *Divina Commedia* . . . Nestor Roqueplan, who at one time was himself Director of the Opéra . . . Amédée Achard, a prolific novelist . . . Théodore de Banville, the poet . . . Paul de Saint-Victor . . . Charles Maurice . . . Albéric Second . . . B. Jouvin . . . the eccentric Paul Scudo . . . and many others hardly less gifted.

Gautier and nearly all his colleagues had lived through the Golden Age of the Romantic Ballet. Their judgments were the judgments of men who had seen Taglioni, Elssler and Carlotta Grisi at the summit of their careers, cherished experiences that must ever have remained deeply impressed upon their memories, losing only any roughness with the passing of time. Remembering the best of the past, they took up their pens to record the present, and through their eyes, that saw so much, the voluptuous sparkle of Cerrito, the tremendous dramatic fire of Rosati, the lofty flight of Ferraris, the gentle grace of Emma Livry, and the childlike charm of Bozzacchi can be enjoyed for all time.

". . FOR YOUR INSTRUCTION, INSPIRATION AND WONDER . . "

were the words used by Alicia Markova in the speech with which she opened the great exhibition, organised by Richard Buckle, to commemorate the twenty-five years since the death of Serge Diaghilev.

by PETER WILLIAMS

Photographed by Hans Wild

Markova and Serge Lifar inspecting the death-mask of Diaghilev which rested in the portrait gallery of the exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival.

OF all the thousand and one tales in the *Arabian Nights,* the most intriguing are those in which the hero or heroine goes down some mean street, enters a hovel and upon drawing aside a filthy stinking curtain gazes in wonder on a palace of unparalleled richness, flanked by courtyards of rare marble where wine plashes in fountains of precious stones.

Much the same sensation was evoked by the Diaghilev Exhibition which Richard Buckle organised for the 1954 Edinburgh Festival. The exterior of the College of Art in Lauriston Place, wherein the exhibition was housed, is of quite incredible grimness. Tucked away behind buildings of no beauty whatsoever in a city which has a legendary beauty of its own, this approach was somewhat disconcerting.

The treasure of Diaghilev one felt should be shown in a Taurida Palace or a Versailles, approached up Bibiena-like terraces and avenues of Le Nôtre topiary. No doubt though that the squalid facade only laid greater emphasis on the splendour therein.

Gently was one to be led to the vistas of delight for, smoky Edinburgh shut out, the entrance hall for some reason resembled the destruction of the Cities of the Plain. More perhaps could have been made of the main staircase up which one approached the original back-drop for *Barabau* by Utrillo. A charming picture post-card view of an Italian village so sedate in style compared with the other works of its years, 1925.

Past two Picasso models for *Mercure* into a gallery of eight model theatres. The prosceniums surrounding each setting were charming but the quality of the models was uneven—*Le Tricorne, Les Biches and Le Bal* were all good and well-lit. *La Boutique Fantasque, Pulchinella, Chout* were badly lit while *Shéhérazade* did not come off at all. A large reproduction of the *Les Facheux* setting, taking up most of one wall, was well painted but appeared too muddy. All of the models would have been improved by a gauze to give the necessary feeling of distance.

The odyssey begins

Having passed through the less satisfactory aspects of the exhibition, the remainder of this odyssey became pure enchantment. Whether it was Richard Buckle or his designer, Leonard Rosoman, who thought up the idea of using the most exotic of Cole's wallpapers as a background for the designs and pictures, it was certainly a stroke of genius. Each of the long narrow galleries took on the richness of a Royal pavilion. So well-arranged were they that the contrasting colour of the next gallery beckoned one on like a persistent dragoman, aided by ballet music wafted through the whole exhibition.

Thus a thick-striped wall in two blues for the designs of Benois gave way to the brilliant yellow of Brighton Pavilion *chinoiserie* as a background for the oriental blues of the same artist's *Le Rossignol* settings and costumes.

Renewed acquaintance with Benois' designs for *Petrouchka* made one realise how much has since been lost. Each character in the crowd was so lovingly and carefully defined. How beautifully realised, for instance, were the short coats for the Nursemaids with their rich pattern. What a pity that those who reproduce this great ballet have seldom gone to the trouble of consulting these designs. Here lies the key to that remarkable fair scene which once so revolutionised crowd-production in the theatre.

Bakst, the versatile

From these St. Petersburg fantasies to the lush exotic of Léon Bakst, shown so well against a peacock and blue Persian wall. What a lesson in designing versatility! From the Mediterranean (*Daphnis and Chloe*) through the middle-east (*Cléopâtre* and *Shéhérazade*) to the far east (*Le Dieu Bleu*) to the Romantic (*Le Spectre de la Rose*) and the Rococo (*Femmes de Bonne Humeur*); each design the rich fruit of intensive research and complete understanding of time and place.

Even richer in colour was the gallery devoted to Gontcharova and Larionov. Here again was evidence of a great range. Nothing could be more contrasted than Gontcharova's *Coq d'Or* and *Firebird* to her stark *Les Noces,* or Larionov's *Le Soleil de Nuit* to his *Renard.* The former in both cases so rich in fairy-tale colour, the latter so monochrome, yet both with the unmistakable stamp that each brought to their respective work.

In one of the many letters, scattered throughout the exhibition in showcases (which also included photographs of the dancers wearing the costumes seen in designs on the walls), was one from Diaghilev to Grigoriev in which he said that he had at last acquired the complete production of *The Sleeping Princess.* The letter was dated August 8, 1926, over four years after that great production finished in disaster at the Alhambra. For all that time the production had been held by Sir Oswald Stoll until the costs could be met. Fate decreed that we were never again to see this particular production and fate seems also to have decreed that we may never see all the Bakst designs together again.

In a small room—decorated with a gold, silver and white Louis XIV wall-paper and a cerulean ceiling from which was suspended a chandelier—were the remains of Bakst's designs for *The Sleeping Princess.* Some original pencil sketches, some projects and a few of the actual designs, could not really give any idea of the magnificence that was. Through an *œil-de-bœuf,* a model of the recumbent Princess slept in a reproduction of Bakst's final setting—she sleeps on and no enchanted Prince, it seems, can awaken her.

Picasso, mainly absent

Picasso, owing to the fact that he was unable to get to Paris to unearth his original designs for *Le Tricorne, Pulchinella* and *Cuadro Flamenco,* was rather conspicuous by his absence in the tiny pink room given over to him and Matisse. There was certain recompense in the drawing of some Spanish ladies which looked very much like a detail sketch for the front-curtain of *Le Tricorne.* While the pochoir reproductions of some of the costumes from that ballet gave a faint idea of the dynamic designs which once so startled the world. Three pen and ink sketches are all that remains of Matisse's *Le Chant du Rossignol,* re-created by Balanchine for the debut of Markova—just a few squiggly Chinese dragons.

A white clinical gallery, with a scarlet ceiling, housed the Ecole de Paris. Ideal for showing the varying subtleties of Derain, Braque, Pruna, Laurencin and Gris. Unfortunately the *Boutique Fantasque* designs were unobtainable, but Derain's other work for Diaghilev—*Jack-in-the-Box*—was well-represented. In these designs it was possible to see the source of much of his recent work. How delightful also to renew acquaintance with that excellent Massine ballet *Les Matelots* designed by Pedro Pruna. Let us hope that the sight of all these designs may inspire someone to consider its revival.

Sketches by Max Ernst for *Romeo and Juliet* by Gabo for *La Chatte,* and Yakoulov for *Le Pas d'Acier,* more interesting curiosities than decorative, were possibly never intended to be looked-at by anyone other than those directly concerned in their production.

The final design-room, in deep blue heavily draped wallpaper, was one of the most effective of the lot. In a peculiar way it seemed so right for two of Diaghilev's last designers—Tchelitchev's *Ode* and Chirico's *Le Bal* (the ultimate ballet—Rouault's *Fils Prodigue*—was absent). Both were well represented. Both were striking in their originality—the architectural motives of Chirico's costumes and the anatomical mysticism of Tchelitchev. The *Ode* programe cover was illuminated from behind and created an exciting effect.

The 120 books relating to the Diaghilev Ballet were rather ponderously shown in glass-fronted cases. The green and gold wallpaper and the two gothic windows, framing two large drawings of Nijinsky, made one wish for a more "Strawberry Hill" sort of library.

There is something almost unbearably poignant about old costumes; they look like puppets whose sawdust has long left them. Looking at the cases containing such relics as Karsavina and Nijinsky's *Giselle* and *Shéhérazade* costumes together with various other costumes and bits and pieces, brought one face to face with reality. Designs, music, photographs and inspiration remain but these disintegrating costumes, this pathetic basket of twigs, that was once Diaghilev's bouquet to Markova after her first *Chant du Rossignol,* are all that remain of the living dance. Satie's music for *Parade,* another forgotten ballet, increased this sudden melancholy.

Had it not been for Diaghilev there would have been no Fonteyn, none of today's great stars, yet in twenty-five years time all that will remain of their dance will be . . . but who are these gay langourous ladies who would wish, it seems, to drive away all melancholy? Along a corridor, at the end of which is a 1912 drawing room inspired by the oriental influence of *Shéhérazade,* pose ladies in Poiret dresses. A charming and amusing way of showing how the influence of the Russian Ballet stretched far beyond the confines of the theatre.

Above. One end of the Hall of Giants, designed by Leonard Rosoman. Here, visitors could sit and listen to the music of the ballets for which Diaghilev was responsible.

Left. The portrait Gallery with Philip Dyer, Assistant to the Director, looking at the Diaghilev wall. The large portrait of Stravinsky, by Jacques-Emile Blanche, can be seen on the left. In the distance are a number of portraits of Lifar, mainly by Tchelitchev.

Down the backstairs past lithographs, so full of movement, by Kainer, Grunenberg and Dunoyer de Segonzac; past a tableau of Monte Carlo beach and Casino in the 'twenties with Dolin and Sokolova rehearsing *Le Train Bleu* in Chanel bathing dresses; into a dizzy room of caricatures. Dizzy because the black and white striped wallpaper makes one's eyes jump.

Here are caricatures of the company and those surrounding Diaghilev, by artists as varied as Cocteau, Gordon Craig, Low, Bernard Partridge, Bakst and, of course, Larionov who has supplied the most amusing intimate glimpses of the Diaghilev Ballet that we are ever likely to get. Also pungent in their satire and insight were the studies of dancers, some from the Imperial Russian Ballet, by that great dancer and teacher—Nicolas Legat.

In a room of bright gold flock wallpaper, with a white tented-ceiling and a view of Edinburgh castle through the window, rested Diaghilev's death-mask surrounded by portraits of his friends and collaborators.

Many hours could be spent here alone. Confronted by all the great names that Diaghilev brought to the world, the immensity of his achievement becomes a reality. From life-size canvasses of Nijinsky by Jacques-Emile Blanche and Bakst, rather disappointing in reality, to small but alive drawings by Jean Hugo of Radiguet dictating *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel* to Auric and Cocteau. Almost every great artist of Diaghilev's time is here represented.

After this heady feast it comes almost as a relief to sink back on a chair in the cool light of the Baroque Hall of Giants and listen more attentively to the music.

Two giant negros dominate this courtyard into which Leonard Rosoman has so skillfully and decoratively transformed the main hall of the College of Art. Malachite arches surmounted by black and gold pillars interspersed with orange and pink frescos of classical figures engaged in eternal dance. Through the arches, grey and blue vistas lead the mind back to the wonders seen and on to the hope that one might live to see another as great as was Diaghilev.

The façade of the Kirov Theatre in Leningrad which for the purpose of this article, and because it has generally been known by that name, we have called by its original title of Maryinsky Theatre.

The Beauty in Leningrad

by EVAN SENIOR

THE Bolshoi Theatre may indeed be large, and its ballet the greatest in Russia today. But to ballet lovers in Western Europe there will always be more magic in the name of another theatre: the Maryinsky of St. Petersburg, home and cradle of the great Imperial Ballet which was the mother of all our ballet today. And within an hour of setting foot in Leningrad I set out to look for it.

Oddly enough I had always thought—and I later found that this belief had been shared by most people here—that the Maryinsky was attached to the famous Theatre Street which gave its name to Karsavina's book. But it is not—it is quite some way away. There *is* a theatre at the end of Theatre Street, making a wonderful architectural unity with it; but it is the former Alexandrinsky, now the Pushkin Theatre, always devoted to drama.

You drive around the side of it through a curved street leading into a magnificent perspective: Theatre Street, its long lines of Italian rococo architecture a blaze of glowing ochre wall, white pilasters and rococo decoration against a pale green background, the whole looking as if the Italian architect Rossi, who built it, was aiming at the perspective of painted theatre scenery. Perhaps he was.

About half a mile away across the city is what used to be the Maryinsky—named for the Empress Marie, wife of Tsar Alexander II. Today it is called the Kirov Theatre, but it could never have looked lovelier even in its days of Imperial grandeur than it does today.

It occupies one side of a large square filled with the traffic of a busy city, the great building of the Leningrad Conservatorium opposite, with Tchaikovsky's old teaching room looking down towards the theatre, and the fine statue of composer Michael Glinka facing it.

Theatre of compelling beauty

The Maryinsky—let us call it that, here, just for this occasion—has an auditorium about the size of Covent Garden, smaller than the Bolshoi, but with an immediate and compelling beauty that suddenly makes you catch your breath. The Bolshoi, like all great theatres ought to be, is a blaze of gold-leaf and scarlet velvet. The Maryinsky, on a white background, is gold and blue—a glowing peacock-blue of curtains, seating, carpets and proscenium drapes, slashed with gold. You admire the Bolshoi; but you love the Maryinsky.

All the time I was in both Moscow and Leningrad I heard the same refrain: "What a pity—most of our best dancers are away in Berlin, with the company that should have danced in Paris." This had little effect on my ballet-going in Moscow; but Leningrad seemed to have contributed more to that "away" team than had Moscow. It was what they called "the young artists getting their opportunity" that I saw at the Maryinsky, in (among other things) their production of *Spyashchaya Krasavitsa—The Sleeping Beauty*.

This is done on somewhere about the same scale as that of Covent Garden—the stage (I have no measurements) seems of about the same size. The settings are more realistic, comparatively simple, and the lighting immeasurably superior.

In all the great Russian theatres lighting is controlled by an elaborate mechanism installed by the side of what is in opera the prompter's box. In the footlights, by the side of the prompt box, is another opening, longer and lower. Inside it, his eyes level with the stage, stands the lighting technician, his fingers on what is like a long piano-keyboard of switches and controls. He can see, from an audience viewpoint, every effect of what he does, and he plays that keyboard like an artist.

The orchestra, too, is quite on a level with that at the Bolshoi, and Soviet conductors appear to have a much greater appreciation of the role of music in ballet than they do here. So also do the dancers.

The conductor dances

In opera it is the conductor who directs the performance: both orchestra and artists take their lead from him. In British ballet it is far too often the conductor who must follow the whim of the individual dancer: in Russia the conductor almost dances with them. At the Bolshoi it is nearly as satisfying to watch 22-years-old Gennady Rozhdestvensky as the dancers. Khaikin, the able, sensitive and musicianly conductor at the Maryinsky, is as great a dance artist as he is a musician.

He had an orchestra that followed every delicate nuance of the music, and this score is as delicate a piece of dance construction as is *Swan Lake*. In Russia they give Tchaikovsky the credit for having known something about ballet.

The score used at the Maryinsky differs markedly from ours in many respects. Throughout the first two acts I continually found myself listening to music I had never heard before. It sounded like authentic Tchaikovsky, and I had heard some of it in the almost full version recorded under Anatole Fistoulari and issued here a few months ago. But there was still a great deal of unfamiliar music.

In a later interval I was taken down the beautiful peaocock-blue carpeted corridors to the offices of the director, Konstantin Ostapov, and there met and talked to Khaikin, who sent for his own conductor's scores and went through them with me, then and after the performance.

"This is the new and authentic edition," he told me. "We have been spending some years on research, and we are gradually republishing all the Tchaikovsky music based on these researches." The full orchestral score of *The Sleeping Beauty* is now printed in four great volumes, one for each act; and as a result of Khaikin's kindness I was able to bring back with me, for future study and comparison, this new complete edition of it, as used on the conductors' desks in Russia.

In the first act it varies, but only a little, from what we know, although the production and choreography of the ballet certainly does. Credit for choreography in the programme is given to Petipa; but in this, too, research has been going on, and the Maryinsky's resident choreographer, Konstantin Sergueev, has made what he calls a restoration to the original production, based on the music.

The entrance of the Fairies in the first act is less of a procession than we know it to be: there is more dancing in ensemble. And the dance of the Cavaliers does not exist: neither do the Cavaliers, for that matter.

The most striking difference is in the scene with Carabosse. She is no "pantomime witch" figure. The costume is black, but there is a smoothness in all her movements—the movements of a dancer even though she does not dance.

Here, too, as in *Swan Lake* at the Bolshoi, the lovely mime has unfortunately been dispensed with. Carabosse does not foretell the future of her curse in mime. Instead, there is suddenly a puff of smoke and she conjures up a small child, the future Aurora, who dances with a bunch of roses, pricks her finger, and then dies to the horror of all the Court. This may be very effective and clear-cut; but it is to my eye completely unaesthetic.

The Lilac Fairy then makes her entrance, not from off-stage, but rising from the very real fountain that all the time hurls jets of water some forty feet high.

Young entry on stage

The following festivities are notable for the dancing of a large group of twenty-eight children, from the Theatre Street ballet school. Their choreography is suitably simple—they are none of them, I should say, more than ten years old—and although the girls are in *pointe* shoes, they are not on *pointe* for more than a second or so at a time. But they have a complete assurance and a strength that one never sees here in "baby" dancers; and not for one instant did they come out of the picture, glance at the audience, or hesitate.

The act ends with a dramatically effective command of the King that all sharp objects be dispensed with. To point the order he takes out his own jewelled scarf-pin and throws it away.

Although I was told that this was "a young company," nowhere near the standard of what Russian balletomanes described to

me as their "Golden Fund" of great dancers and corps-de-ballet, nevertheless the technical standard of these dancers was extraordinarily high.

The men, in particular, showed a strength and virility unknown in the ballet companies of this country, or anywhere else in Western Europe I have seen, and in the American companies. They appeared to have bodies of steel, used like steel springs. There was not a trace of the callow epicene softness which so often mars the male work of ballet companies within our experience.

Alexeeva, dancing the Lilac Fairy, also had this terrific strength, both technically and in characterisation—a little too much of it, and not quite enough tenderness in those parts where it is needed.

The Aurora, also, was a young dancer—Voïshnis, with more daring than technical ability, a brilliant glittering attack, a little insecure on *pointe,* but with splendid line and elevation. But whatever she lacked in technique she made up in characterisation, a feature of even the comparatively inexperienced Russian dancers. They use their technique as a means to an end, not as an end in itself.

Her Rose Adagio was beautifully carried out, although she seemed (perhaps naturally) not as sure of herself as she might have been. But the iron support given by the men was a joy.

Vision with a difference

It is in the third act that the differences in approach and choreography between the Maryinsky version and our own began to become apparent. The hunting courtiers are not joined by a corps-de-ballet of peasants, but by two only, who execute a well-rounded *pas-de-deux* to the accompaniment of a peasant band playing fiddles, flutes, pipes and drums. Then the following Vision Scene brings music which, although in the printed score, is unfamiliar to me.

Nor is there any attempt in Leningrad to create the illusion of a vision, one of the pieces of staging we happen to carry out extremely well: Aurora is simply led on by the Lilac Fairy.

But now came the illusion of all illusions, the great Panorama. With our production this is faintly hinted at, as the Lilac Fairy leads the Prince between cloths, giving a meagre suggestion of a journey.

The Maryinsky stages the full Panorama. As the Fairy takes the Prince's hand and motions him towards the left, the whole stage setting begins to move slowly from left to right.

It does not move in one piece: the backcloth glides at the slowest speed, passing forest, mountain, castles and rivers before one's eyes, as the dancers stand still. In front the larger trees of the background move a little faster, and the foremost trees, hillocks and low shrubbery, between the audience and the figures on the stage, move faster still, thus creating in all three planes the illusion of movement in perspective. The effect is uncanny—somewhat akin to that of sitting in a stationary train with another, moving, beside you; so that your illusion is that you are moving and the other is still.

The "journey" takes the whole seventy-two bars of the Panaroma music, some three or four minutes, and then as the steps to the Palace come into view at the left, a cloud envelopes the scene and the curtain falls.

Before the next scene there is played, in the darkness, the beautiful Entr'acte which is omitted from our production, a wonderful romance of typical Tchaikovsky scoring, for orchestra and violin solo. It is so obviously the right music, in the right place.

Alla Shelest as the young Princess Aurora in Act I of The Sleeping Beauty.

Carabosse at home

As it ceases the curtain rises to show the home of Carabosse, engaged in her spells. She knows that the Lilac Fairy is destroying her final chance of successful vengeance, and surrounded by her rats she casts frantic enchantments to prevent the arrival of the Prince at the sleeping Palace. Furiously she orders detachment after detachment of rats into the fray, and they run out at her bidding. She draws from a spindle the thread of fate, spinning it to her own designs; but suddenly, to her terror, the theme of the Lilac Fairy is heard in the distance.

At the entrance of the Lilac Fairy, Carabosse and her attendants halt, and the magic thread breaks. Carabosse orders the remaining rats to attack, but the magic of the Lilac Fairy, who is joined by her sisters, defeats them, and in waves they fall against her power. At last the Lilac Fairy and Carabosse are left facing each other, and with a final imperious gesture the Fairy conquers the evil genius, and Carabosse falls dead.

The scene lights through the back to show the steps of the Palace, where the Prince, surrounded by sleeping courtiers, draws his sword and battles with the attacking rats. Again the Lilac Fairy glides to his aid, the rats are slaughtered, and he is led through the Palace to the great bed where the Sleeping Princess lies.

The last act brings on all the Fairy Tales, some of them the same as ours, many different. Apart from the dancing characters the stage is filled with the people of the fairy tales, some of whom were obviously characters from Russian folklore unknown to me.

There are ogres and witches, a tall woman wearing rabbits' ears, dwarfs and giants, princes and princesses. Florestan and his sisters begin the Divertissements, followed

(continued on page 27)

A young dancer, Voïshnis, in the Rose Adagio from The Sleeping Beauty.

Voïshnis and Semyenov in the final act pas de deux.
Both photos taken by Evan Senior during the performance.

NAPOLI

First given at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on March 29, 1842. Revised and shortened version given by Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, London on August 30, 1954. Choreography, August Bournonville freely adapted by Harald Lander. Music by Paulli, E. Helsted, Gede and Lumbye. Designs by Osbert Lancaster.

The Bride, Teresina - - - - TONI LANDER
The Bridegroom, Gennaro - - OLEG BRIANSKY
Two Tourists - - NICHOLAS BERIOSOFF, GEOFFREY DAVIDSON
A Street Singer - - - - KEITH BECKETT
His Assistant - - - - - PETER WHITE
Pas de Six - - - Noel Rossana, Daphne Dale, Marilyn Burr, Joyce Lyndon, Louis Godfrey, Michael Hogan
Ballabile - - - Sally Bradley, Mary Duchesne, Shelagh Franklyn, Jeanette Minty, Janet Overton, Dianne Richards, Petrus Bosman, Ronald Emblem, Kenn Gillespie, Russell Kerr, Jeffrey Kovel, Jon Waks
Tarantella - - - Jeanette Minty, Keith Beckett, Petrus Bosman

Toni Lander and Oleg Briansky in the Tarantella.

CHOREOGRAPHY

WHEN just a year ago some of the riches of Denmark's Bournonville repertory were revealed to London audiences for the first time, there must have been many who wished for some of those riches to be diverted into English coffers. Here was a complete collection of first-class nineteenth century ballets in superb, almost mint, condition; what better than we should attempt to absorb them into the still-young tradition of British ballet?

Festival Ballet, who in the past have done much in giving Fokine ballets to the standard English repertory, have now taken upon themselves the task of presenting Bournonville to English audiences. They have started with what was probably Bournonville's masterpiece, *Napoli*.

When the full-length Napoli was first given in London by the Royal Danish Ballet there were some who felt, although I emphatically was not among them, that it was too long-winded for contemporary taste. Possibly this was one of the factors that governed Festival Ballet's decision to mount only the last Act of the ballet.

As the last Act does not lend itself to separate presentation they have engaged the most distinguished Danish *maître de ballet* Harald Lander, who once worked in Copenhagen but is now at the Paris *Opéra*, to mount a completely new version freely based on the Bournonville original. The result bears much the same relationship to the full-length *Napoli* as does *Aurora's Wedding* to *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Lander has aimed at capturing the spirit of Bournonville and we may grant him a very large measure of success. The few narrative elements left to be tidied up in the last Act of the full-length version have, of course, been omitted, and Lander's work concerns itself simply with the marriage celebrations of the ballet's hero and heroine, Gennaro and Teresina.

The choreographer has planned his work to give full scope to all the various aspects of the Bournonville style. It opens with a street scene which is completely unauthentic, but at the same time completely typical. The bustling, colourful crowd, seething with life and energy, full of small individual portraits, could well have come from almost any Bournonville ballet.

This introduction over, Lander, using the freedom of his framework, takes the opportunity of inserting two numbers from the first Act of *Napoli*—the *ballabile* and that memorable gem of mime, the Street Singer. The first of these interpolations shows Bournonville's genius for *corps de ballet* work, the second the remarkable comic tradition of naturalistic mime.

Into the famous last Act *pas de six*, which together with the tarantella and finale is to my mind one of the greatest passages of sustained choreography to be seen today, Lander has introduced a small *pas de deux*, which originates I believe from another of Bournonville's three Italian ballets, *The Flower Festival*.

While this was probably desirable to make the rôles of Gennaro and Teresina more important (in the full-length ballet their participation in the last Act is hardly more notable than that of the other solo dancers) and choreographically and musically it fits into the original like a hand into a glove, it does seem to over-balance the nicely calculated proportions of the *pas de six*.

On the other hand it provides a good example of a Bournonville *pas de deux*, which with its racy and endearing informality and freedom, differs so profoundly from the polished elegance of Russian-school double-work.

The tarantella and finale are left more or less intact and vary less from the Danish production than do the *pas de six* and variations, although I missed the dancers' whirling hats in the tarentella and the rifle shots in the finale. These shots add so much to the atmosphere of Latin gaiety that should some pettifogging regulation forbid the firing of salvos on the stage, I would suggest that for the sake of authenticity the Festival Hall ushers should be armed and told to fire at appropriate moments.

Lander has undertaken his act of homage to his great predecessor with commendable fidelity. There are perhaps a few improvements he still might make. The crowd scene is not yet quite definite enough, and the substitution of two tourists for those most adorable barrow-boys, Giacomo and Peppo, is a poor one.

The stage is also a little cramped for Bournonville's sweeping choreographic designs and it might be an improvement, even if to a Dane sacriligious, if the stage was cleared for the *pas de six* and variations.

Yet all in all the production does fair honour to the memory of Bournonville. The Dionysian spirit of the Dane, as opposed to the more Appolonian manner of Russia's Petipa, provides an aspect of the classic ballet tradition we are glad to have amongst us for study. The epic continuity of Bournonville's dancing, the verve, the distinctive invention, the lightness and elevation of his choreography, the whole gamut of his happy genius is something worth cherishing. Let us hope that Festival Ballet cherish their little paraphrase with as much affection and devotion as Copenhagen has lavished upon the complete work.

DANCING

NO it was not as well danced as it is by the Royal Danish Ballet, and to be disappointed or surprised by that one would have to be a fool. Yet there can be no doubt that Festival Ballet have coped with the problem of assimilating the Bournonville manner with considerable assurance. They give the ballet quite well now, and will give it better with experience.

To see Toni Lander as Teresina, after watching her as Odette and in *Les Sylphides*, was like welcoming home a prodigal. All the little nuances and mannerisms that sit so strangely on Russian classics, become in their proper

The finale of the famous Tarantella.

setting the glistening polish on a fine style. This former solodancer of the Royal Danish Ballet with her convincing and authoratative mastery provided a touchstone for the rest of the company, but the company stood the test creditably.

Sometimes, when for example at the close of the finale the ten soloists are supposed to sweep down towards the footlights in high-arc'd *grand jetés*, one missed the Danes, but for the most one was content. Occasionally contentment blossomed into very real pleasure such as when Louis Godfrey, after having the dice loaded against him by being allocated the rôle nowadays associated with Erik Bruhn, came out and gave what almost amounted to a demonstration of the finer points of Bournonville.

Oleg Briansky, with his impressive height and strong *batterie*, one would expect to fit into the picture well, and he gave a spirited performance, although his strength has still to acquire that veneer of gentleness characteristic of the Danish male dancer. Among the others, notable work was done by Marilyn Burr, Daphne Dale, Petrus Bosman and Michael Hogan. Keith Beckett was altogether admirable as the Street Singer. **Clive Barnes.**

DECOR

BOURNONVILLE'S *Napoli* is as much a romantic ballet as *Giselle*. It has been proved time and time again that such ballets must be designed in the same spirit when they are revived. The choreography and music of these old works cannot stand up to any clash of styles.

Georgio de Chirico was the first choice of Festival Ballet for designing this new revival. As the designs were not ready in time, Osbert Lancaster was asked to step into the breach. No easy task as not only did the work have to be completed in a few days but also the ballet needed a designer with a softer approach than Lancaster's usual witty brilliance. To cap it all, the odd dimensions of Festival Hall's CinemaScope-like stage had also to be mastered. All honour then to Lancaster for having achieved what he did.

Had nobody seen the Danish production of this ballet, Lancaster's task would have been easier. But London now knows *Napoli* and comparisons were bound to be made. Actually there is no comparison but Lancaster has done a fine job in creating a sunny atmosphere. His piazza, where the Neapolitans gather, looks over the Bay of Naples from a height. In the distance is a Vesuvius apparently on the point of eruption.

The great painted belch of smoke is a mistake as not only would it be most unlikely that the natives dance with such carefree abandon if they were on the point of being smothered with larva, but it also throws the scene out of perspective. The remainder of the town of Naples, on the same back-cloth, is lightly sketched-in while this ominous Bikini-like mushroom, which is geographically much further away, is painted in heavy detail. Also, the houses surrounding the piazza seem dwarfish though this may possibly be due to some important ground row being missing owing to the lack of space on Festival Hall stage. In spite of these faults the general effect is pleasant.

The costumes are mostly charming, specially for Teresina. Her pale grey skirt and shawl is changed to white for the classical dances but resumed again for the Tarantella. She also wore one of the prettiest head-dresses seen for many years. Also with the right romantic feeling were the costumes for the *pas de six*: the girls in white with green-banded skirts, the boys in white shirts, black breeches and white stockings; yellow cummerbunds and decoration down the side of the thigh. These costumes for the boys which closely follow the Danish production are the most elegant I have ever seen on a male dancer.

The remainder of the costumes are mainly bright without being, in any way, garish. The only ones not wholely successful are those for the sailors, or fishermen, in the *Ballabile*. Their white trousers appeared to be made of some cheap cotton which was unattractive in movement. **Peter Williams.**

Above: John Gilpin and Anita Landa in the pas de deux *from another Bournonville ballet*—Flower Festival — *which Harald Lander has interpolated in the* pas de six *so as to give a* pas de deux *for Teresina and Gennaro which* Napoli *was otherwise lacking.*

R. Gilpin and Landa (*who alternated with Lander and Briansky in the principle roles*) *in another moment from the* pas de deux. **All Photographs by Paul Wilson.**

As the music of Napoli *was reviewed when the Royal Danish Ballet came to Covent Garden last year, we did not feel it necessary to repeat David Hunt's assessment of this charming score.*

Madeleine Lafon, as Eurystée, and Michel Renault, as Nautéos. In a pas de deux *these two mortals fall in love.*
Photo: Fred Brommet

L. Michel Renault, in the title role, being revived by Leucothéa, the Princess of the Water (Yvette Chauviré), after the former had been shipwrecked. *Photo: Keystone*

NEW BALLET

NAUTÉOS

Ballet in 3 acts. Scenario by René Dumesnil. Music by Jeanne Leleu. Choreography and production by Serge Lifar. Sets and costumes designed by Yves Brayer. First performance of revised version at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, Paris, July 12th, 1954.

Cast

Leucothéa	YVETTE CHAUVIRE
Nautéos	MICHEL RENAULT
Eurystée	MADELEINE LAFON
Pisandre	MAX BOZZONI
Two tritons	RAOUL BARI, RAYMONDE FRANCHETTI

THE long awaited creation of *Nautéos* at the Opéra came at an appropriate time to enrich a season which had till then produced few novelties. Originally given by the Nouveaux Ballets de Monte Carlo in 1947, this important work created pleasant memories at the time which the transposition from the modest stages of Monte Carlo and Vichy to the immense expanse of the Opéra has happily not betrayed. Recent experiences have taught us that this is a trial which often holds dangers for dancers, choreographers and ballets.

The very simple scenario is based on that theme so popular in the nineteenth century: the rivalry in love of a young girl and an immortal. However, by his research into Hellenic paganism, Lifar has given it quite a differentt accent, the immaterial Sylphide and the seductive Nereid possessing nothing in common save their legendary sovereignty.

On a sunlit strand, beneath the wreckage of a ship, lies the unconscious Nautéos, a young fisherman who is the sole survivor of the crew of which he was a member. Leucothéa, a princess of the waters, revives him and charms him, only to see herself supplanted by the more earthly fascinations of the little peasant girl Eurythée. Enraged, she forces the terrified couple to implore her pardon, which she finally accords with the generosity of a queen.

In his choreography, Serge Lifar has devised several *variations* which may be counted among the most interesting examples of his contemporary work, and classed with such *variations* as those of the Shadow in *Les Mirages* and of the Princess-Hind in *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle*. Faithful to classicism as always, he has at the same time derived inspiration from the supple movements of water creatures and from Balkan folklore. One gladly bears the *longueurs* of the second act to savour the brilliant passages. The ballet is dominated by the radiant presence of Yvette Chauviré, and one of the finest moments is undoubtedly the *variation* as the Nereid, clad to the very tips of her fingers in brilliant blue, her head crowned with coral. While her *relevés sur pointes*, *entrechats* and *arabesques* convey happiness and her superhuman power, her supple arms and her shoulders suggest the serpentine movement of those very waves which carry the sportive tritons and sirens, her subjects. But over and above Chauviré's extraordinary technical assurance is her unerring precision of expression, her poetic feeling.

With subtle artistry, she appears in turn enigmatic, wild, tender and fascinating, vindictive and finally magnanimous. Her slightest gesture, her most fleeting smile are imprinted with a psychological depth which appears spontaneous, as though improvised. And do we not know how difficult to achieve is this moving accuracy of expression, formerly preached by Noverre!

Michel Renault has one of his best roles in that of Nautéos. He gives a fresh and authoritative rendering of the character of the young fisherman who falls in love and then proceeds to be unfaithful in so charming and unwitting manner. A fine *pas de deux*, full of voluptuous languor, with the sea goddess displays his talent as a partner, and a *variation* containing numerous turns throws into relief his quality as a dancer and his stamina. Unfortunately Madeleine Lafon and Max Bozzoni did not succeed in giving full support to these two artists. Lafon's mastery lacks a certain warmth, and this allowed the interest in the second act to flag a little, though it revived on the return of Yvette Chauviré, who gained the great triumph of the ballet.

Too often inspired by outisde influences, Jeanne Leleu's score was at times over facile and did not always accord with the choreography. The setting of the first act, with its cliffs overhanging the sea, was more successful than the windmill-filled landscape of the second and the skin-tight costume of Leucothéa was far more striking than the conventional costumes of the villagers. But these are reservations of detail only. Such creations as this are to be warmly welcomed.

Marie-Françoise Christout

The final scene when the two lovers are forgiven by Leucothéa. The photograph gives an idea of Brayer's setting. The ballet will be seen during the Covent Garden season.

Photo: Keystone

Two studies of Margot Fonteyn in the title role. Above, when she has forced the attendants of Kostchei to fall asleep after their exhausting dance. Below, she defies the power of the magician. Photos: Houston Rogers

THE FIREBIRD

First given by the Diaghilev Ballet on June 25, 1910. Revived by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, on August 23, 1954. First London performance on August 31 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Choreography, Michel Fokine. Music: Igor Stravinsky. Designed by Nathalie Gontcharova. Production revised by Serge Grigoriev and Liubov Tchernicheva. The Firebird role taught to Margot Fonteyn by Tamara Karsavina.

The Cast

The Firebird - - MARGOT FONTEYN
Ivan Tsarevitch - - MICHAEL SOMES
The Tsarevna - SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
Kostchei - - FREDERICK ASHTON

The Enchanted Princesses:—
Valerie Taylor, Catherine Boulton, Deirdre Dixon, Brenda Taylor, Angela Walton, Cynthia Blowers, Shirley Bateman, Dorothea Zaymes, Patricia Thorogood, Anya Linden, Gerd Larsen, Julia Farron.

Indian Girls:— Mary Drage, Meriel Evans, Anne Stringer, Shirley Camp, Jennifer Gaye, Margaret Mercier.

Kostchei's Wives:— Joan Benesh, June Lesley, Judith Sinclair, Hylda Zinkin, Pauline Barnes, Veronika Leigey, Margaret Wing, Valerie Duke, Doreen Eastlake, Valmai Ennor, Merle Park, Ann Page.

Youths:— Peter Clegg, Ray Powell, Franklin White, Henry Legerton, Michael Boulton, Douglas Steuart.

Indians:— Bryan Ashbridge, Desmond Doyle, Gary Burne, Derek Rencher, Ronald Hynd, Ronald Plaisted.

Kikimoras:— Donald Macleary, Brian Palethorpe, Colin Jones, Oliver Symons.

The Belibotchki:— Keith Milland, Keith Barker, Christopher Newton, David Boswell.

Kostchei's Attendants:— Leslie Edwards, Arnott Mader.

Monsters, Pages, Cavaliers, etc.

Guest Conductor—ERNEST ANSERMET.

THE STORY

IT is night when the curtain rises. Suddenly the Firebird flashes across the stage, pursued by Ivan Tsarevitch. She circles a beautiful tree, laden with golden fruit, which she tries to pluck. But the prince seizes her and will not release her till she tears out one of her feathers and gives it to him. Then she flies off.

The darkness dissolves; and the prince finds himself at the gates of an ancient castle. From these there emerge twelve maidens, led by a beautiful Tsarevna, who tells him that this is the castle of the Immortal Kostchei, a magician who waylays passing travellers and turns them to stone. After exchanging tender glances with Ivan, the Tsarevna leads her companions in a lively dance. She and the prince then kiss.

But it is now dawn, and the maidens must return to the castle.

Despite the Tsarevna's warning, Ivan, left alone, decides to follow them. But as soon as he opens the gates bells peal forth, and a crowd of weird figures rush from the castle followed by Kostchei before whom they prostrate themselves. Kostchei advances on the prince and tries to turn him too to stone. But Ivan waves the Firebird's feather in his face and invokes her aid. She reappears and forces the magician's crew to dance till they fall exhausted to the ground. While they are all fast asleep, Ivan, on her instruction, steals a great egg that contains the soul of Kostchei. It breaks when he drops it, and Kostchei, the supposedly immortal, expires at his feet.

On his death Kostchei's petrified captives return to life, and all join in a thanksgiving for their deliverance. The Firebird places the Tsarevna's hand in that of the prince and then flies away forever.

CHOREOGRAPHY

HOW difficult it is to write about the choreography of *The Firebird* as though it were a distinct entity, when in fact it is indivisibly bound to its fellow elements that go to make up the ballet. Indeed this is one of the few great masterpieces of the ballet theatre in which the choreography is not the dominating partner. Time and time again Fokine steps down to give Stravinsky and his designer the stage—and the irony of it is that *The Firebird* was the only important work Fokine produced for Diaghilev for which he himself had the major hand in writing the scenario.

Consider the final tableau; here is epitomised in an unforgettable piece of theatre all the rich mystery of the *skazi* and all the sombre pomp of Holy Russia. Yet what is Fokine's contribution to this superb conclusion, this veritable apotheosis of the actors? A modicum of ritualistic movement and a simple symmetrical grouping, all of which would hardly have been beyond the capabilities of any averagely talented theatrical producer. Even the *Danse*

The Princesses, captives of Kostchei, are surprised by Ivan Tsarevitch (Michael Somes) while they are playing with the magic fruit. Photo: Robert Harper

Infernale, a brilliantly orchestrated passage of stylised movement, remains principally the triumph of Stravinsky, whose pounding rhythms remain in the consciousness long after the detailed memory of Fokine's dances has flown.

Nevertheless despite Fokine's commendable reluctance to break out of the secondary role allotted to his choreography, Stravinsky was still able to say in his *Autobiography* that, "the choreography of this ballet always seemed to me to be complicated and overburdened with plastic detail". Poor Fokine! At the height of his powers he had practically abased himself to the status of a theatrical producer, and even that was not enough for his composer's musical genius.

Naturally Fokine seizes every chance offered him for expressive choreography. Principally this comes with the rôle of the Firebird herself, and here Fokine has composed a part that must have an irrefutable place in ballet history. When one thinks of Ivanov's Odette-Siegfried *adagio* in *Swan Lake* Act Two, which in itself was far in advance of its time, and then remembers that Fokine's *pas de deux* for Ivan and the Firebird was composed a mere seventeen years later, one can gain some conception of Fokine's originality and importance.

In the *pas-de deux* Fokine is using much the same "classical" vocabulary as was used those few years earlier by Ivanov but, without making any comparison of the merits of the *pas de deux*, note the revolution that Fokine has effected. See how in Fokine the drama and the dancing have been fused—as the bird struggles with its captor and finally submits, every movement has a functional as well as a decorative value. The difference between this and Ivanoff is as wide, to draw a comparison from the other branch of the lyric theatre, as that separating *opera seria* from the later Mozart.

So far I have not mentioned specifically the present revival of the work by Serge Grigoriev and Liubov Tchernicheva. Like the majority of today's balletgoers I never saw the original 1910 production, but this version is quite definitely preferable to any seen in the years just before the last war and in 1947, the occasion of the ballet's last revival. While noting the brilliantly disarming programme credit which ascribes the choreography to Fokine *revised* by Grigoriev and Tchernicheva, I feel fairly confident that this represents the closest to authenticity we are likely to get, particularly as in addition to the two notable "revisers" the production has also had the advice of Tamara Karsavina on the principal role.

The revival does, I think, do justice to Fokine, and its inclusion in the repertory would be welcome on that account alone. It is not perhaps one of Fokine's finest or even one of his most typical works, but paradoxically enough it is probably among the best ballets in the early Diaghilev repertory.

Its great strength lies in the quality of its production and the breadth of its conception. With its carefully and beautifully contrived atmosphere, its overpowering assualt upon the senses as a spectacle, and its unity of purpose, I found it, given the performance it was, just about as enthralling as anything I have experienced in the theatre since the war.

But wait, here comes the pay-off. I honestly, if heretically, believe that in many respects the choreography of Balanchine's version for New York City Ballet was finer than this by (revised) Fokine. Yet the City Ballet production exasperated me, whereas the present version I found genuinely moving. If this was not a purely personal reaction, does it not provide a lesson for some of us?

DANCING

HOWEVER hard Ashton in *Homage to the Queen* might try to persuade us to the contrary, it is Fire that is Fonteyn's element rather than Air. As might have been expected her Firebird is a memorable interpretation. She lacks elevation, but this lack is, as always, lost in the presence of her qualities. Her fire does not flash, but burns steadily and bright. What seemed most impressive in her performance was her air of super-humanity; it is so fatally simple to conceive that Firebird as more an enchanted Princess than a mythological beast.

Her dancing has the conscious deliberation of sculptured perfection, imprison her movement at any moment and one would have captured a fragment of pure design. And yet that is only one aspect of her art. One would have to be stone-blind not to appreciate Fonteyn as she is dancing nowadays.

The rôle of Ivan is largely a sore trial of character projection. With little materials to hand the part has to sustain so much of the work's atmosphere, and provide a human foil to the supernatural elements. Somes is almost completely the Russian Innocent, and when he stands grave and serene for his coronation he achieves a moment of rare exaltation.

The soft, feminine dancing of Beriosova as the Tsarevna makes an ideal contrast to the mysterious aloofness of the Firebird. In fact of all the principals I only have a few reservations about Ashton's Kostchei. This is a shade too subtle in its viciousness, and could perhaps do more with a broader effect of malignity.

If the whole company would always dance as they did on the first night of *The Firebird*, the critic's task would be remarkably simple. Heaven knows how much time, pain and trouble must be expended to make such a performance possible; but Heaven also knows that, once in a while, it is worth it. **Clive Barnes.**

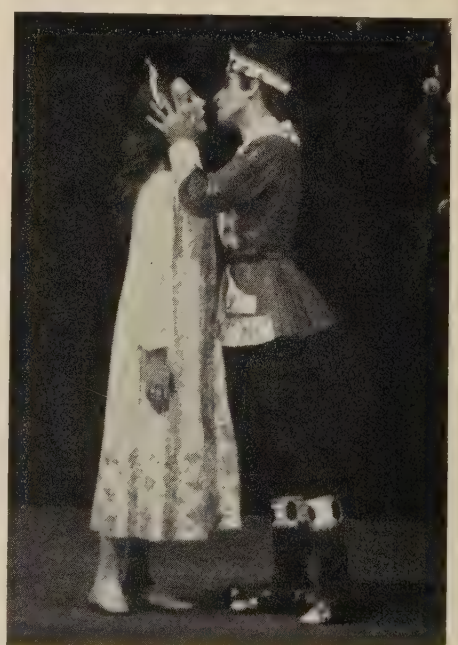
MUSIC

ONE of the advantages of having a permanent production of *The* Firebird in London lies, for the music-lover, in being able to hear the complete score. And the greater part of that advantage lies in realising once again that the best of it has been with us all along—in the concert hall.

Of all the Stravinsky ballet scores *The Firebird* and *Petrouchka* are played more often as concert suites than are the others, necessarily reduced as to content although not, of course, in orchestration. So much of what now comes out in the orchestra pit of the Royal Opera is, musically speaking, of little value; although of course it is necessary as accompaniment for the ballet.

Nor, for that matter, does what we know very well gain much. Admittedly the whole score was written for the purpose of ballet, but the early Stravinsky was primarily a musician and created as such. From the point of view of sheer artistic satisfaction I for one would much rather listen to the concert hall Suite than watch the ballet and hear its accompanying full score from a theatre pit.

The Covent Garden Orchestra certainly rose to the opportunities given to it and to Ernest Ansermet's direction. Few conductors today—and this includes Stravinsky himself—can bring out of an orchestra more of the colour and the flashing rhythms of



Ivan Tsarevitch (Somes) sees the Beautiful Tsarevna (Svetlana Beriosova) and immediately falls in love with her. Photo: Robert Harper

The Youths and attendants on Kostchei are forced into a wild dance by the Firebird.

Ivan Tsarevitch breaks the egg which contains the soul of Kostchei (Frederick Ashton) who is seen expiring on the ground. *Photos: Robert Harper*

Stravinsky's music than he. In particular he cajoled beautiful warmth from the horns and wind, struck sparks from the exciting passages, and moulded the pages of accompaniment to the spellbound Princesses into a slumbering enchantment.

But however exciting it may be in some respects to have *The Firebird* back in our ballet repertoire it only serves to underline something common to all Stravinsky ballet scores: that sometimes the part can be greater than the whole. **Evan Senior.**

DECOR

IT was Diaghilev who once said that if a revival of *Shéhérazade* was to mean anything at all, the colours would have to be twice as bright as they were originally. The sense of this seemingly curious statement became obvious with the revival of *The Firebird* by Sadler's Wells Ballet. If the colours of Gontcharova's designs are not twice as bright, they are most certainly brighter than they were with Diaghilev or de Basil. On the small stage of the Empire in Edinburgh, where this revival was first shown, the colours seemed slightly overpowering; at Covent Garden the effect is magnificent.

The blue of the opening scene in the magic garden is deeper, not so grey as of old. Is there, perhaps, a too vast expanse of sky? True the distance has been broken up with a suggestion of mountains but the tanglewood surrounding the tree of golden fruit seems rather puny. The tree itself, so important to the story, takes on the significance of a sturdy rose-bush. The wall over which Ivan Tsarevitch enters is too much in the wings, so is the gateway leading to Kostchei's castle. I can always remember it thus but it seems a pity that only those sitting plumb in the middle of the theatre can see both these important features.

Nevertheless this garden has unmistakeable magic; magic that is part-beautiful part-sinister. It is a garden that would beckon invitingly to a passer-by, then frighten him when he became more acquainted with it. It also, and this is very important, brings visual realisation to Stravinsky's wonderful score.

The labyrinthian drop-cloth which descends on the entrance of Kostchei, follows the same design as the wings and thus creates a remarkably claustrophobic effect. One gets the feeling that there is no escape from the power of the evil magician.

Both these settings are simple in spite of the wealth of pattern. Against them the brilliant colours of some of the costumes give the stage the feeling of an oriental tapestry. The costume for Ivan Tsarevitch seems far redder than it used to be; the tights, according to Gontcharova's sketch, should be of a deeper-plum and a much greater contrast to the brilliant scarlet of his jacket. Again in Gontcharova's designs, the embroidery on the white dresses for the Tsarevna, and her attendant Princesses, seems to be far more pronounced; these costumes on the stage are rather insipid.

The Firebird costume suits Fonteyn to perfection. The flame and gold tutu and her exotic make-up make her into a creature of magic. If any fault could be found it is that the headress in profile looks too like a Red Indian Chief. Some decoration ought to obscure her hair-line and the towering plumes should appear to be growing out of her head.

Kostchei looks like some tropical insect in his black and dull orange but neither he nor his attendant rout of Kikimoras and Belbotchki seem to inspire terror in the audience as they did of old. There was something too symmetrical in their nastiness.

For sheer splendour, the final wedding scene is almost unparalleled in the history of ballet designing; the stylised and multi-coloured city on the back-cloth, the magnificence of the red, white and gold costumes and the majesty of the Tsarevitch and Tsarevna in their wedding robes (these will be improved when their newness has worn off) create an effect in many ways similar to one we saw in Westminster Abbey in June of last year. There is no doubt that Gontcharova's designs have worn well and in many ways they make as profound an effect as they did way back in 1926

Peter Williams.

On the death of Kostchei, the captives return to their human form and celebrate the wedding of Ivan Tsarevitch and the Tsarevna. Beriosova and Somes seen centre.
Photo: Robert Harper

curtain up!

An Entente Cordiale if ever there was one. From L to R. Boris Traline (France), Violetta Elvin (Britain and Russia), Peter van Dijk (Germany) and Yvette Chauviré (France). They are seen after the Gala performance at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes on July 31. The occasion was the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Entente Cordiale.

It was suitable that ballet should have played its part in such an occasion because, with the exchange now taking place between the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the ballet of the Paris Opéra, we are hoping that ballet will play an even further part in the creating of understanding between nations.

Photo: A. Traverso

Scene of former triumphs

THE great triumph of the *Firebird* revival by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, was also a personal triumph for Sergei Grigoriev and his wife, Madame Tchernicheva. They did a magnificent job on reviving Fokine's great work; as also did Madame Karsavina in her tuition of Margot Fonteyn in the title role which she created forty-four years ago.

The Grigorievs looked most moved as they took their call alone on the stage after the Covent Garden premiere on August 31. Perhaps they were remembering other triumphs on the same stage when Grigoriev was regisseur for Diaghilev and later for Colonel de Basil, and when Madame Tchernicheva was the fabulously beautiful Thamar, Zobeida and Francesca da Rimini not to mention numerous other roles. There seemed to be a great number of people in the audience who still remembered those days judging by the special cheer the Grigorievs received.

After the performance, Dame Ninette de Valois invited the Russian members of the company to her box where, in champagne, she toasted the Russians as "the father and mother of British ballet". A most gracious act which all those of us who have loved the Russian school deeply appreciate.

Danish hit in London

THE previous night also saw the triumph of another great Ballet Master—Harald Lander from Denmark. The work he and his wife, Toni, put into the revival of a condensed version of Bournonville's *Napoli* for Festival Ballet will never be forgotten by the company. On the night before the Landers were due to return to Paris, the company made them presentations on the stage. Each received cigarette cases with their names on and also a postage stamp with the post-mark "Napoli, August 30, 1954".

There is every possibility that Lander will return to mount another work for Festival Ballet next year and also that Toni Lander will dance the rôle of Teresina with Festival Ballet in New York.

The international exchange which we feel so essential to ballet will be helped even further if the proposed production of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* for the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen has choreography by Frederick Ashton. It seems that this may happen in the Spring of next year.

It had to happen

WE knew it was bound to happen—at least one London evening paper, in its reference to the Diaghilev exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival, referred consistently to Diaghilev as "the famous dancer". It seems, alas, that he was not famous enough for people to know exactly what his work was.

The power of the picture

THE power of the photograph is great but this in addition to a biographical "portrait" is even greater. First Osbert Lancaster, the famous cartoonist and designer, then Svetlana Beriosova have been the subject of such profiles in *The Sunday Times*. A photograph of Margot Fonteyn formed the frontispiece to this year's Edinburgh Festival. Now we hear that a ballet writer, not to be outdone, has taken to printing his own photograph alongside his reviews. Gone, alas, are the days when we too could do the same thing. Ageing monsters that we are, our photographs would only terrify our readers. How we wish that we too had youth and beauty so that our ravishing looks could cover our mistakes.

It looks as though many ballet photographers will have to look to their laurels. Dancers are starting to take photographs and there is no doubt that with the facilities for taking back-stage pictures and with the knowledge they have of the right moment to take the perfect position, that as soon as they master the technique of the camera they will probably take the finest pictures of the dance. First it was Brian Ashbridge who made a photo-record of the Sadler's Wells Ballet across America, published in a book in collaboration with Franklin White. Now John Hart, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, has taken to photography in a big way and has already turned-out some excellent pictures which we shall be publishing in the near future.

Festival Ballet's Leon Ward has also become a dancing photographer and will send exclusively to *Dance and Dancers* the picture story of the Festival Ballet's tour of Canada and America.

Ballet in six reigns

DAME ADELINE GENEE, who has recently retired from the presidency of the Royal Academy of Dancing, has seen ballet develop in England through six reigns. There is not the slightest doubt that the very high standard that this Danish ballerina brought to the dance from 1897 to 1907, when she was prima ballerina at the Empire Theatre, had a great deal to do with the high standard now expected in England. As founder of the Royal Academy in 1920 she has done magnificent work all over the world. It is to be hoped that her memoirs, which should prove to be an invaluable addition to ballet libraries, will be published in the not-too-distant future.

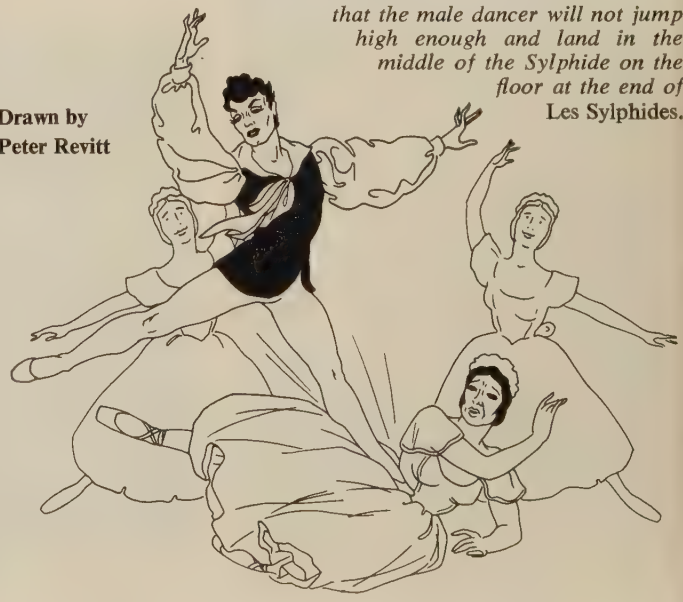
Rabovsky assesses himself

QUOTATION of the month came from Istvan Rabovsky, now with Festival Ballet. He is reported as apologising after he had danced in *Prince Igor* at Festival Hall by saying his performance was "not good enough". The remark is one of the most encouraging things we have heard about a dancer whose real ability and potentiality seem frequently in danger of being obscured by inflated publicity and some of the most absurd bally-hoo in the history of ballet.

It's bound to happen—

that the male dancer will not jump high enough and land in the middle of the Sylphide on the floor at the end of Les Sylphides.

Drawn by Peter Revitt



Garden prices were higher

THERE has been such a carry-on in some quarters about the raising of the prices of seats at Covent Garden that many people forget that the seats have been comparatively inexpensive there since the war. Looking at a list of seat prices for the last season of the Diaghilev Ballet at Covent Garden in 1929, we find that the Stalls then ranged from £1 4s. to 12s., the Stalls Circle were similar, the balcony Stalls, 12s.; the Amphitheatre from 8s. 6d. to 3s. Considering the cost of living is almost double what it was then, in spite of anything people may care to tell us to the contrary, it would seem that this new raise in seat-prices is not out of place.

Promotions along the line

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET are following the example of other great national ballets and dividing their soloists into two groups. In their recent programme it has been noticed that after the ballerinas and principal male dancers there comes a group of first soloists, then a dividing line before the group of second soloists. This of course has been the practice at the Paris Opéra for at least a hundred years. In welcoming this new move one also wishes that the dancers could be subjected to the severe examinations which are necessary before any promotion is possible.

WHILE we are on the subject of promotions, we notice that Annette Page and Kenneth MacMillan have been promoted to principal dancers of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

Elaine Fifield, for many years ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and who recently retired temporarily as she was having a baby, has now been moved to Covent Garden. On September 9 she danced in the *pas de six* in *Lac des Cygnes*.

Pirmin Trecu is also going to Covent Garden in the near future. He will probably start in January.

Ashton all over

WHAT is fame? Frederick Ashton, we hear, is having to choose between at least four different invitations to create ballets in the near future; for the state company in Helsinki, for the Royal Danish Ballet, for La Scala, Milan and for New York City Ballet.

As we have always had particular regard for Ashton's choreographic genius we could not be more pleased that he is now so widely recognised. Our only sorrow is that our own company finds it so easy to spare his services for so long. It is more than a year since his last ballet for Sadler's Wells and a year is a long time in the life of a creative artist.

Sonya Hana, now appearing in The King and I, *and Peter Wright, of The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, after their wedding at the Parish Church, Totteridge Green on August 22. We wish them every happiness. Photo: Roy Round*
Starting early is Elizabeth Ann, on the right, who is determined that John Gilpin of Festival Ballet shall be her future dancing partner. She is the daughter of Princess Antoinette of Monaco.

Festival tops Marriage Stakes

CONGRATULATIONS to yet another pair of Festival Ballet dancers: Daphne Dale, who really deserves the epithet "beautiful" which is attached to her name in most press publicity, and Nicholas Polajenko, a newcomer to the company who has already justified his position as a principal soloist. They announced their engagement half-way through the recent London season and are to be married very shortly.

Lets have a storm

MANY people who saw the Russian film *Trio Ballet* commented on the sensational effect of the lake overflowing its banks at the end of *Swan Lake*. This particular effect was made possible, of course, by trick photography. All the same, Covent Garden has proved that an effect no less impressive can be achieved in the final moments of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* when the Rhine overflows its banks. It is therefore possible that we could have a really frightening storm, a convincing flood and a proper apotheosis in our *Swan Lake;* the ballet would gain immeasurably.

New designer for Shearer

OUR new brother magazine, *Films and Filming*, has a special interest for those who are interested in ballet designing. In the first number, published on September 15, there is an article on the Australian designer Loudon Sainthill who designed the ballet sequence in the new Moira Shearer film, *The Man Who Loved Redheads*. Sainthill has designed a number of ballets including *Ile des Sirens* and *Coppélia* for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as well as many works in Australia before he came to this country.

An historic picture during the rehearsals of The Firebird *at Covent Garden. L to R. Liubov Tchernicheva, Frederick Ashton, Tamara Karsavina, Dame Ninette de Valois, Margot Fonteyn, Serge Grigoriev and Harijs Plucis. Photo: Douglas Elston*

happy birthday to...

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Marjorie Tallchief	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	19
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Lydia Lopokova	Famous Russian Dancer	21
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Ballet comes to Alberta

All across the Dominion of Canada, there is great enthusiasm for ballet. In Toronto and Winnipeg there are already successful professional companies and in other places enthusiastic groups are forming but the vast distances that have to be travelled do not make contact easy. Until a few years ago, ballet was almost unknown in Alberta but with the opening of the Lethbridge branch of the Canadian School of Ballet yet another potential source of dancers and also of audiences for the future has come into existence.

by JOY CAMDEN

Edward Nichols and Judy Botterill two most promising students of the Canadian School of Ballet in Lethbridge of which Joy Camden is the principal. Photos: A. E. Cross Studios.

IT was in the early winter of 1952 that the Royal Winnipeg Ballet visited Lethbridge, Alberta, for the first time and found terrific enthusiasm for ballet amongst the local population. A few months later, just before Easter, I journeyed to Vancouver to adjudicate at the British Columbia Dance Festival and on the way back decided to stop at this southern Albertan city, Lethbridge—called the irrigation capitol of Canada and considered the windiest city in the world—and see what the possibilities were of opening a ballet school there.

My first contact was the Quota Club, the business women's club, who are responsible for much of the city's entertainment. They annually sponsor the Celebrity Concerts bringing to Lethbridgites such world famous artists as Heifitz, Gladys Swartout, Charles Laughton and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. It was this club which also sponsored the visit of the Winnipeg Ballet—at that time not as yet prefixed by the title of "Royal". This was the first time that a performance of ballet had been seen in Lethbridge.

Agriculture to ballet

From the President of the Quota Club and its members I learnt that Lethbridge was a city of 26,000, that it had doubled its population in the previous ten years, and that it was still growing fast. I was also told that it was the centre of a large agricultural area and as such, it looks after the interests of a population many times greater than the mere 26,000 within the city itself. I met enthusiasm wherever I went and within 24 hours had been offered the use of a large hall, with all the necessary equipment provided for me, in the large new Sports Centre. I went on my way back to Winnipeg as enthused with the idea of opening a school there as Lethbridge seemed to be at the prospect of having one.

At this time I was teaching in Winnipeg itself, in the training school for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet—the Canadian School of Ballet—and acting as assistant Ballet Mistress and choreographer to the company. After discussion with Gweneth Lloyd, the director of the School and company, it was quickly decided that I should go myself to Lethbridge in the following September and open a branch of the Canadian School of Ballet in Southern Alberta and thus form the third main branch. There was already a second branch in Toronto under the direction of Miss Lloyd herself. Betty Farrally—ballet mistress to the company—being the principal of the original school in Winnipeg.

Rapid growth

I arrived in Lethbridge at the end of August, 1952, and in the third week of September—three weeks later than originally announced owing to a Polio ban on all schools—we opened with nearly 100 pupils. By Christmas we had outgrown the amount of time and space available at the Sports Centre but I managed to find a reasonably large studio of our own. It was not ideal and it was a year before we could persuade the landlord to put in a new floor. But we had unlimited time at our disposal and could hold a far greater number of classes to accommodate the increasing numbers and those who wished to work daily.

In September, 1953, we opened branches in two of the smaller towns in the area, Taber and Raymond, and in March of this year, 1954, a third branch at Cardston, visiting them all one day a week each. We have had 400 pupils in all this year, most of them only once a week but there is a small group who take a character class as well as ballet in addition to 5 full-time students—three girls and two boys. We have also been able to hold a double work class since January last.

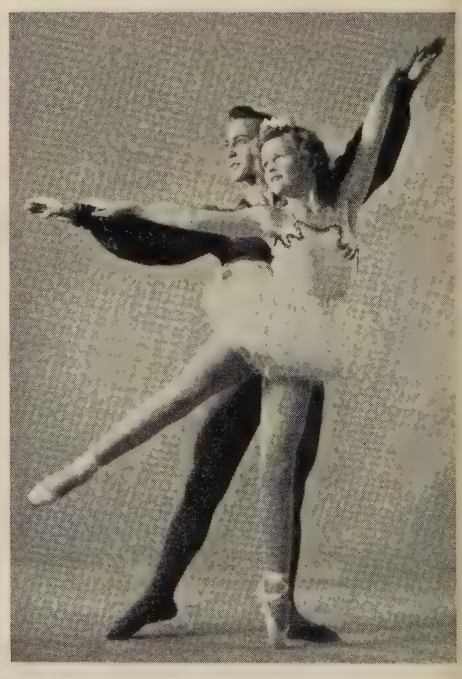
In June of this year we gave lecture demonstrations in the four towns, opening with a short lecture on ballet history, its traditions and its training, showing the pupils of the school in various stages of training according to age group and finishing with a half-hour performance, showing the progress from classroom to theatre, by the full-time students, members of the character class and myself. This included a full *pas-de-deux* with the traditional two variations and finale, and a suite of authentic European dances.

Alberta moves into line

Ballet, which has been steadily growing for many years in Eastern Canada some 2,500 miles away, in Winnipeg 800 miles away (where the Canadian School of Ballet was established 15 years ago), and in Vancouver on the Pacific coast also 800 miles away (where De Basil found Alexandra Denisova and Rosemary Denison for his company in 1938), is comparatively new to Alberta, the westernmost of the three prairie Provinces. For the last few years interest has been growing. The capital city of Edmonton, 350 miles to the North, now boasts at least three large dancing schools who include ballet, and it is the same in Calgary in the centre of the Province and Alberta's oldest city. In addition there is the famous Banff School of Fine Arts, which in each of the last six years has held a most successful summer school in all branches of the Arts, including a large ballet section under the direction of Gweneth Lloyd. I have had the opportunity of giving special classes at most of the schools and can therefore speak with knowledge of existing talent and of the great progress that is being made.

We in Alberta look forward to the future with every confidence. Already several Albertans are members of the two professional Canadian companies, The Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the National Ballet of Canada, the latter under the direction of Celia Franca. We hope now the day is not far distant when we shall be able to join the other Provinces in sending companies to appear at the National Ballet Festival held annually in various centres throughout the Dominion.

More photographs of ballet in Canada will be found on page thirty-seven of this issue. They are pictures of two successful works shown at this year's Canadian Ballet Festival.



A young dancer, Denise MacDonald, partnered by Edward Nichols in a pas de deux *at this year's annual demonstration.*
Photo: A. E. Cross Studio.

DANCERS IN MUSICALS I

Ex-Wells dancer stars in Can-Can

This is the first of a monthly series of articles on dancers who are appearing in that important branch of theatre art—the musical. These people have brought the dance to an audience which might otherwise never think of going to ballet. With the rising status of ballet in this form of entertainment, so also rises the importance of the performer. To open this series, we chose GILLIAN LYNNE.

by HARRY STONE

In the film, The Master of Ballantrae, *in which she appeared in a part-dancing, part-acting role. She is seen here with the star, Errol Flynn.*

AT twenty-five, Gillian Lynne, the dancing star in *Can Can* is remarkable for her versatility. Certainly, she needs to be for not only does she act a considerable role and sing two songs, but also her dances range from the acrobatic Apache to the classical "Eve" ballet.

As an aspiring, long-legged, dancer of sixteen at Sadler's Wells, she caught the attention of Robert Helpmann. He was impressed by her

Gillian Lynne. Photo: Russell Sedgwick

instinctive feel for character in dancing. Altogether she spent six years with the Wells, when she developed her technique and, particularly, her authority and exceptionally clean line.

Towards the end, she was alternating with Pamela May and Beryl Grey in, amongst other works, *Symphonic Variations* and *Checkmate*. Then, when the other two fell ill, she entirely took over the parts, dancing them on the American tour and later back at Covent Garden.

In 1951, she came to the revolutionary conclusion that her horizon at the Wells was too limited. Robert Helpmann was the only person who appreciated her ambitions and did not think she was completely mad to leave the Wells and even encouraged her to take the chance. She wanted to broaden her experience with acting and singing and specialise in the lighter form of dancing for musicals and revue. Her ideal was to be another Jessie Matthews, only with a wider range in dancing that would incorporate, not jettison, her experience in ballet. Having made up her mind, she systematically embarked on a series of engagements covering all these different branches.

She made a start by broadening her dancing technique in a nine months' season at the Palladium. There, under Pauline Grant's auspices, she developed her own style of dancing learning to add a more extended line and increased freedom of body and expression to the purity and discipline she had already acquired from classical ballet. But above all, she learnt the art of projecting her personality.

This was to be of great value when she decided next that it was time to learn more about acting. Wherever she appeared, her personality made her a firm favourite with the audience. Her first role was still as a dancer—with acting part attached—in the film *The Master of Ballantrae*. Later, two revues at the New Lindsay proved her to be no mean diseuse. After this she joined the Hythe Repertory as leading lady for seven weeks. Recently she has appeared on tour as a sexy murdress in *Mountain Air* and, at the Devon Festival of Arts, as Lavinia in *The Cocktail Party* and created the part of Evelyn in Ronald Duncan's new play *The Death of Satan*.

Throughout this time, she had been diligently learning to sing. The results of her labours were to be heard in her Goody (and Baddy) in the Windsor Repertory production of *Goody Two Shoes*. Her charming mezzo voice was still rather weak; through constant practice she has developed it in an astonishing way. But the part was in fact, a pre-view of the type she hoped the fully-groomed Lynne would eventually play. Her success in this complex role assured her she was following the right course.

Having completed her excursion into acting, Lynne now felt able to return to what has always been, and will remain, her first love—dancing. To begin with, she went back to Pauline Grant's ballet for a short season in *Fun and the Fair* at the Palladium. Then to the other extreme by appearing in *Aida* at Covent Garden. Here she was one of the highlights in an otherwise rather uninspired production.

With *Can Can* comes the fulfilment of these past three years of intensive learning and preparation. There has emerged a personality that compels attention. Her joy of living immediately attracts an audience and before long, she has completely captivated the house. At the same time, her natural vitality assumes on the stage a full blooded, almost roguish, temperament.

In real life, she is surprisingly different from the almost sensuous dancer which the audience sees. She is shy and retiring. She is constantly striving to improve her technique and performance and the strength of purpose shown in her career is also shown in her approach to a part. She is simply an extremely hard worker; one of the most important qualities for a dancer if she is to become great.

NEW RECORDS

Rhapsody without ballet coda

Paganini (Rachmaninov: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini). Julius Katchen (piano), LPO (Sir Adrian Boult). One side of Decca LXT2862. 1 12 in. 36*s*. 5½*d*.

IT was Rachmaninov himself who suggested the use of his *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* for Fokine's *Paganini*. The two men were great friends and Fokine had long wanted to do a ballet to a Rachmaninov score. The Rhapsody's abrupt, sudden ending was unsuitable, so Rachmaninov obligingly supplied an alternative coda (based on the very well-known and gloriously lyrical tune of the 18th variation) which was exactly what was needed for the ballet's final apotheosis.

In this performance, the original published ending is, of course, used. Katchen has all the necessary bravura qualities but there are moments when he tends to hurry the orchestra and there is some want of warmth throughout. Orchestral playing and recording are excellent.

On the reverse, there is an equally well-played but dry performance of Dohnányi's *Variations on a Nursery Theme*.

This music was used for a ballet in the composer's native Hungary and was also used by William Dollar in his *Five Gifts*, created a few years ago for the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas and recently revived in America.

Another house party invitation

Les Biches—Suite. (Poulenc). *The Gentle Poltergeist* (Fauré: *Dolly* orch. Rabaud). LSO (Anatole Fistoulari). Parlophone PMC1004. 1 12 in. 32*s*. 4½*d*.

FISTOULARI here gives further proof of his excellence as a ballet conductor. The suite taken from *Les Biches* uses Poulenc's re-orchestration of 1939, last heard here in the De Cuevas revival, and consists of: *Rondeau, Adagietto, Rag Mazurka, Andantino* and *Finale*. The delightfully decadent, *toujours l'amour* atmosphere is well caught throughout in all its sophisticated exuberance.

Désormière on Decca LXT2720 gives perhaps a more pointedly Gallic account of the same movements and also includes the *Chanson dansée* to which three men make their entrance in the ballet.

Rabaud's orchestration of Fauré's *Dolly*, a suite of six children's piano pieces was originally carried out for a ballet produced at the Paris Théatre des Arts. Some of the music was recently used for sections of Gore's *Gentle* Poltergeist. The complete suite is played with affection and the utmost sensitivity. Recording is first rate. **David Hunt.**

The Romantic Ballet in England

by IVOR GUEST

In this long-overdue and warmly human history a well-known ballet critic and historian tells the story of the "golden age" of English Ballet which flowered in the eighteen thirties and forties at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Mr. Guest describes and evaluates the work of such famous dancers and impresarios as Fanny Cerrito, Marie Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, Benjamin Lumley and Jules Perrot.

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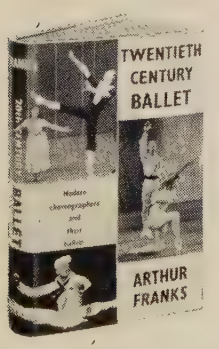

TWENTIETH CENTURY BALLET

by A. H. FRANKS

THE rise of modern ballet begins at the end of the nineteenth century, when there appeared a number of choreographers who effected a complete renaissance in the world of dance, and laid the foundations of the twenieth-century concept of ballet. Whilst never discarding the conventions of classical ballet, the genius, wit, and imagination of these new choreographers such as Fokine, and the zest of the companies like Diaghilev's with which they were associated, slowly evolved the distinctive character of modern ballet. They were the first among the many creators of ballets, from Massine, Nijinsky and Ashton to Kurt Jooss, Antony Tudor, Roland Petit and many others.

Arthur Franks makes a comprehensive study of their different approaches and techniques, and, with his graphic and detailed accounts of their ballets, illumines the mosaic development of the modern dance. The author's discerning critical ability makes this book at once an expert and an essential guide to ballet today.

Demy 8vo. 240 pages and 24 pages of illustrations. 18s net

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NEW BOOKS

Brief candle in England

The Romantic Ballet in England by Ivor Guest. (Phoenix House, 25*s.*).

BALLET in England has not so much lacked a history as lacked a historian. For many years the only readily accessible account of nineteenth century ballet in this country has been George Chaffee's valuable little monograph for *Dance Index—The Romantic Ballet in London.* However Phoenix House have changed all that; with patriotic zeal they have diverted Ivor Guest's researches from the annals of the Paris Opéra and brought his attention to bear on matters nearer home.

The result is a book of great charm and distinction that will satisfy the most enquiring mind avid for information on how ballet's romantic epoch affected England. But merely to be a purveyor of information is the slightest role that can be played by a historian, and Guest, fine historian that he is, far exceeds the modest part of informant.

He makes the period live, gives flesh to facts, and in readably elegant prose creates a scene populous with dancers, choreographers, impresarios and audiences. Judicious quotation from critics of the time make dancers such as Taglioni, Elssler, Cerrito, Grisi and Pauline Duvernay assume definable outlines that, to this reader at least, had previously been denied them. When, in a comparison of their portrayal of Giselle, one reads that Grisi was a "reckless sprite", while Elssler danced "with a maniac delight" one gets at least a hazy impression of the difference between the two interpretations. Time and time again Guest brings by dint of research an almost eye-witness verisimilitude to the great events of the ballet stage—Duvernay's debut (graced by "garlands of artificial flowers" which, according to Taglioni, had been thrown by Duvernay's father!); Cerrito placing a crown of white roses on Taglioni's head and shouts for Perrot at the conclusion of *The Pas de Quatre;* the death of Clara Webster whose tragic end, caused when her costume caught fire on stage, anticipated that of Emma Livry's.

Not content with relating his history, and telling his anecdotes, Guest takes the opportunity to make a gigantic suggestion. He talks about (the italics are mine) "the lost tradition of *English* Ballet". He claims that, "had the ballet been able to maintain its importance in the London Opera House through the artistically lean years of the second half of the nineteenth century, Jules Perrot might have become to English ballet what Charles Didelot and Marius Petipa were to Russian ballet, and August Bournonville to Danish ballet". Now here is a might-have-been indeed! Whole vistas are opened up by its fascinating contemplation. But I cannot feel that Guest, entrancing though his idea seems, justifies it much further than happy conjecture. As he himself admits, "English dancers played a modest part in the development of the Romantic Ballet in their own country". Even Perrot could hardly have made bricks without straw. Furthermore both in Russia and in Denmark their existed a national theatre and theatre-school upon which the foreign ballet-masters could build; not so in England.

I fear that the Romantic Ballet in England must be regarded as an exotic importation, not in any way dissimilar from the Italian Opera which it in part supplanted, rather than an indigenous growth, and Mr. Guest will have to produce more evidence than its popularity and acclaim to make me think otherwise. However I feel certain that this brief candle will receive no more attractive or affectionate memorial than the present well-produced and well-illustrated volume. **C.B.**

How John Coast built a bridge from East to West

Dancing out of Bali by John Coast (Faber and Faber, 21*s.*).

IT is doubtful whether many people in the audience at the Winter Garden Theatre on a very hot summer's night a few years ago, had the foggiest idea what an almost impossible task it had been to bring a company of Balinese dancers to London for our very real pleasure. It is so easy to sit in a theatre and just imagine that things happen without giving a thought as to how they have.

John Coast's book is an adventure story. He had to fight suspicion, superstition and political intrigue before he could realise his dream that dancing could build a bridge from the Orient which would stand as a lesson to the West. But as well as being an interesting chapter of dance history, this book is fascinating in the picture it gives of everyday life in Bali: how Coast and his wife built a house and a guest house, their search for a cook and how the servants all become a part of the family. These pleasanter sides of Balinese life together with the less pleasant aspects—plague and political disturbance—all help to build up the background for the dances of this charming and friendly island race. It seems a pity that more countries do not pay such attention to the background which helps to form their dance and dancers. Everything becomes so much more alive. It also helps posterity to understand the reasons why certain things were, or were not, done.

It is sadly that we say farewell, in the true Fitzpatrick manner, to the spice-scented isles as our plane speeds through the clouds towards London, pulse of a great Empire and city of pageantry; city of muddle, judging by the difficulties the Dancers of Bali had to overcome. In America things were better and they enjoyed a great success wherever they went. The whole of this adventure makes excellent reading and a very good companion to *Dance and Drama in Bali* by Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies which Fabers published some years ago. **P.W.**

Contemporary choreographers and their work

Twentieth Century Ballet by A. H. Franks. (Burke Publishing Co., 18*s.*).

DANCE *or* Dancers that is the question. Obviously it is the duty of ballet-journalists carrying out the day-to-day reviewing of performances in newspapers and magazines, to write almost as much about dancers and interpretation as about ballet itself. But it may well be that it is the true function of the ballet critic proper to disregard the executants and to concentrate on the thing executed. Between the wars and almost right up to the present day, books on ballet were too often concerned with the not particularly vital question of who danced what and how. Recently however this trend has been dying out, and books on ballet that contain a sober appraisal of ballet as an art form are no longer a comparative rarity.

The age of balletomania (horrid word and stupid phase) is, we hope, dead. If it still has any breath left in it, its demise will be hastened by the production of books such as *Twentieth Century Ballet.* In this book the author, A. H. Franks, considers the work of over twenty choreographers in some detail. Mr. Franks, author of the well-known ballet "primer" *Approach to the Ballet,* has given a course of lectures on *Twentieth Century Choreographers* for the extra-mural department of London University, and the present book is, I suspect, a by-product from those lectures. It is obviously intended for the experienced ballet-goer, and intelligently read will do much to deepen his interest. The author's criticisms are always perceptive and based on a clearly defined standard of aesthetic judgement. Even when one does not share his opinions (which in my case is often) his writing is stimulating and thoughtful.

The book is amply illustrated with photographs, most of them old and well-trusted friends; which makes it the more remarkable that three of them should be wrongly captioned. **C.B.**

Festival's tribute to Diaghilev

OF all British companies, Festival Ballet is the one most directly connected with the Diaghilev Ballet in that its Artistic Director was the first British dancer to head the Russian Ballet—Anton Dolin. In addition, the company is the one that has in its repertoire the greatest number of ballets by Michel Fokine without whom the Diaghilev Ballet would probably have never reached such eminence outside Russia.

It was fitting that the performance given in honour of Diaghilev's memory on August 19, exactly twenty-five years after his death should have been entirely given over to the works of Fokine—*Les Sylphides* was followed by *Petrouchka* as *Le Spectre la Rose* and the *Prince Igor* dances. A more or less routine Festival Ballet programme on the face of it and the average person might have wondered if Dolin was slipping; he, above anyone, can put on a gala that frequently realises the meaning on the word.

Yvette Chauviré had been billed as a guest star but at the last moment she was unable to obtain permission from the Paris Opéra to appear at Festival Hall for this performance.

The only unusual thing about this performance at the start was that a number of boxes had bouquets of flowers arranged on the front of them. The eagle-eyed observer could see various familiar figures filling these boxes—Dame Ninette de Valois, Lydia Sokolova, Alicia Markova, Liubov Tchernitcheva, Stanislas Idzikovsky, Serge Grigoriev. All great names in the Diaghilev ballet.

Word got around and in the intervals after *Les Sylphides* and *Petrouchka,* an enormous queue formed outside the boxes; a queue that stretched half round the hall. Friends and autographs-hunters were determined to renew acquaintance with the stars they had known and loved on the stage and, in the case of Markova, still did.

No musical introduction heralded the curtain rising on *Le Spectre de la Rose,* it just went quietly up on the famous Bakst room, which on this occasion was more flower-laden than is usual. There, looking out of the window in an attitude of such grace and repose that those who saw it will never forget, was the most beloved of all Diaghilev's ballerinas—Tamara Karsavina. She turned and, to thunderous applause, moved towards the front of the stage.

Quietly and with the lack of emotion that is always more affecting because it is the way in which one speaks of a dear friend, she talked of Diaghilev and his achievement. After a few words on Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose* she held out her hand to the conductor and the Weber music started.

Slowly she moved off to the left as Belinda Wright, in the costume of the Young Girl, walked in from the right—the ballet started. Beautifully danced as it was by Wright and Gilpin, it was Karsavina who seemed to remain on the stage until the end.

On her exit she had left a magical aura behind her that made the performance a unique experience. She had achieved the miracle of bringing the right atmosphere to a hall which, try hard as it may, has never had the right atmosphere for ballet. About three thousand people, many of whom could not possibly have seen the Diaghilev Ballet, were honoured with a glimpse of the glory that was. Karsavina has only to move across a stage and raise an arm and it becomes the essence of the dance.

In the interval, Dolin introduced the various members of the Diaghilev company to the audience; each stood up in their box to acknowledge the applause.. After which, messages were read out from those who were unable to be present, including one from Alexander Danilova: *". . . regret my South American tour makes it impossible my appearing on this memorable night in tribute to our beloved Sergei Ivanovitch, but my thoughts and my heart are with you, your company and your audience always."*

And from Baronova who, had she continued to dance, might well have been the true successor to Karsavina on account of her remarkable range and great artistry: *". . . just to let you know how sorry I am. Should love to be able to join the audience tonight to pay tribute to the great genius of Diaghilev and his memory. If it were not for him, the great artistic satisfaction I have in my ballet career I would never have had. He passed on to us, the younger generation, to his choreographers, teachers and dancers a fine and great tradition for us to learn from and try, as far as we could, to uphold. I humbly hope that we have not let him and his wonderful people down too much . . ."*

Peter Williams.

It was suitable that the two great British stars—Markova and Dolin—should be seen together again on the occasion of the Diaghilev memorial performance in Festival Hall. Both were eminent members of Diaghilev's company. Photo: Rafáel

The Beauty in Leningrad

by EVAN SENIOR *(continued from page 15)*

by the White Kitten and Puss-in-boots. The Bluebird *pas-de-deux* was rather indifferently danced—the Bluebird, Zubkovski, having fine elevation but no grace or line, and very ragged *entrechats* and *brisés*. The orchestra was the star of this performance: the clarinet playing being something to dream about, with perfect *rubato* and delicate phrasing.

Red Riding Hood and the Grey Wolf followed, and then came Tom Thumb in enormous boots, and his Brothers. Tom was delightfully danced by a tiny boy dancer who could have been no more than ten years old, his brothers a little older but not much. Their dance with the Ogre and his wife brought the house down—and rightly. Then came the full corps-de-ballet of pages and attendants, as a herald to the *Grand Pas-de-Deux*.

Voïshnis and her partner Semyenov gave this in dashing style—she had obviously saved herself for this moment, and Semyenov proved a partner so powerful that his support seemed almost to be given with one hand, not a muscle rippling in his feather-light lifts.

The original order of choreography is adhered to here, with the music we use for "the Three Ivans" (only introduced into our version by Nijinska when arranging *The Sleeping Princess* for Diaghilev) used for the Prince's solo; the Ivans do not exist in the original.

And then the Grand Parade, the entrance of the Lilac Fairy, and Russia's usual finale to any such spectacle: the fountains in the gardens through the archway shoot their water forty feet high as everything ends in a blaze of glory.

The dancing may not, on the whole, have been anywhere near the standard reached in performances I saw in Moscow; but to the audience, particularly those in the gallery, there was little fault. As the curtain came down I thought of those words of Karsavina describing the gallery audience at the Maryinsky half a century ago, words that made me realise that, even if political systems have changed, Russian audiences have not:

". . . While the stalls preserved a certain decorum, the gallery spared not their throats. Long after the stalls had emptied and the lights gone down in the auditorium, the gallery raved . . ."

It is exactly the same in 1954. I waited while the stalls emptied, while cheers and shouts came from on high, and enthusiasts crowded from the centre to the sides of the gallery close to the stage, yelling "Bravo!" and stamping and raving.

They were still shouting when I went out, at midnight, into the famous "White Night" of Leningrad.

Another Wells dancer goes into musicals. April Olrich, who left the Wells last season, is to appear in a new revue, Pay The Piper, *in which she will act as well as dance. Photo: Baron*

Dancer you will know

CYNTHIA MAYAN

Born in Nairobi, Kenya. Started dancing at beginning of the war under Margaretta Case and Ruth Upstone. Came to England in 1946, *where she studied with Noreen Bush at the Bush-Davies School until she joined the Sadler's Wells School in January,* 1953. *Made stage debut at the Opera House as one of the mice in* The Sleeping Beauty *on February* 21, 1953. *Later danced in* Aida *and joined the company on July* 28 *of the same year. Up to this season she danced under the name of Cynthia Blowers, which has now been changed to Cynthia Mayan.*

Principal roles: Pas de Deux *in* Giselle; Pas de Trois *in* Swan Lake; *Bluebird in* The Sleeping Beauty.

WHEN Miss Blowers (as she then was) made her solo debut on April 24, 1954, in the *Giselle pas de deux*, partnered by Peter Clegg, DANCE AND DANCERS noting her debut appreciatively, expressed the view that we would soon see more of her. However we were surprised when within a few weeks of her debut she was entrusted with the important classic roles of the *Swan Lake pas de trois* and the *Bluebird*. For a *corps de ballet* girl of only just over a year's standing, with one of the world's leading companies this was *progress* in italics.

Remarkable as her opportunities were, the assurance and style with which she undertook these heavy responsibilities made her performances, for one so in-experienced, verge upon the sensational. Naturally she has a lot to learn but the way in which she dances with her partner rather than to her audience is encouraging. Yet we still have to see her sustain a role, as opposed to dancing a variation, so we will rest content with our original prophesy that we will see more of her. At her present rate of progress —much more.

Photo: Maurice Seymour

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE programme in homage to Diaghilev which was given for the first week of the Edinburgh Festival, at the Empire Theatre, and also for the first three performances at Covent Garden, consisted of *Boutique Fantasque, The Firebird* and *Le Tricorne*. Homages frequently turn out to be insults but the revival of Fokine's *The Firebird* was the best possible homage which one felt must have been blessed by Diaghilev's celestial approval (it has been reviewed in full elsewhere in this issue). It amounted to one of the most distinguished productions the Sadler's Wells Ballet has ever given us.

It is hard to imagine that anything other than celestial frowns could have been bestowed upon the other two revivals.

Fantastic no more

NO use anyone trying to make excuses for the present state of poor Massine's *La Boutique Fantasque* by saying that it is not a good ballet. It is possible to see that it is still a very good ballet but with a few exceptions the company has not the glimmer of an idea of what they are supposed to do. The most notable exception is Henry Legerton who gives a beautifully conceived mercurial performance of the Shopkeeper's Assistant. His is the only performance that makes this Boutique as fantasque as once it was. John Hart is a competent Shopkeeper and Alfred Rodrigues brings the right boorishness to the Russian Merchant. When he danced it, which was not on the first night, Brian Shaw made a most dapper and dandified Snob. All these roles were true descendents of their illustrious predecessors. But the rest, Oh, dear!

The two characters upon whom the whole ballet hinges are the two Can-Can Dancers. If they fail, then the ballet falls to pieces. It is sad to record that Nadia Nerina and Harold Turner failed. Not one vestige of the wit, naughtiness, scissor-precision and essential *éclat* was visible in their performance. It is possible that such characters are alien to the British way of life but a better show than this should have been possible.

Had they received substantial support from their brother and sister dolls, things might not have been so bad. But David Blair did not seem to have the first idea of what a Tarantella should be (British dancers can do this because Gordon Hamilton used to be excellent, and Festival Ballet are a knock-out in *Napoli*) and none of the Cossacks would have been allowed in sight of the Caucasus. The whole company looked as embarrassed at their own performance as we did at seeing it; however bad a thing is, embarrassment should never at any time be shown by the artist.

Far from the Spanish frontier

SLIGHTLY better, but not much, was *The Three-Cornered Hat*. Alexander Grant makes a bouncy Miller where a lithe grace is essential. Beautiful though Elvin is and though the choreography is stylised Spanish, her Miller's Wife lacked the controlled strength and elegance which is always obvious in even the most humble of Spanish dancers. Elvin is as Russian as her two great predecessors, Karsavina and Tchernicheva, but whereas they took on something of the Iberean character, she has remained several hundred miles outside the Spanish frontier.

Again it remained for two minor roles—Shaw's Dandy and Hart's Corregidor—to bring back something of the original feeling that Massine's ballet always captured even up to the last war. Picasso's costumes looked as though they had been re-made and all the better for it; nor did the setting appear quite so muddy as it has in the past at Covent Garden.

Ansermet, who conducted Stravinsky's *The Firebird* so magnificently, did not seem so at home with the Rossini-Respigi and Falla scores. The *tempi* appeared to be rather sluggish.

Falling temperature in the lake

VIOLETTA ELVIN opened the short season of *Lac des Cygnes* in which each of the Sadler's Wells ballerinas gave a single performance. Her performance was slightly disappointing as she opened with such a flourish in Act II that the temperature continued to drop throughout the rest of the act. She was at her best as Odile in the three-cornered conversation between Siegfried and von Rothbart in Act III. Her variation in this act did not seem to have much accord with the music. In the final act she was moving and lyrical.

Since the time, some years ago, when Elvin first danced the Odette-Odile role and showed such exciting promise her progress has been chequered. She has the broad grandeur of the Russian school that should make her the Odette of all time but something seems to stop her expanding and giving the kind of performance of which one always feels she is capable.

As Siegfried, John Field mimed the first act very well indeed and all through his partnering was immaculate but his variation in Act III seemed quite earth-bound.

The two leading swans, Mary Drage and Anya Linden, the Tarantella of Farron and Grant and the Queen Mother of Pamela May were otherwise the most satisfactory features in a performance that was mainly pedestrian.

P.W.

FESTIVAL BALLET

DURING the week of the Diaghilev quarter-century celebrations the programmes presented by Festival Ballet were, appropriately enough, devoted to the works of Michel Fokine. Fokine, who has been under something of a cloud among ballet intellectuals for the past few decades, is obviously due for what in literary circles is termed re-assessment. Now some twelve years after his death we are beginning to see him in a clearer historical perspective than was possible immediately after the war.

A fair amount of the credit for the re-consideration being given to Fokine may be accorded to Festival Ballet. Not all their Fokine-Beriosoff-Dolin revivals are of equal merit, yet they maintain, or at least they maintained, a reasonable standard.

This season however a number of these ballets have undergone definite changes of choreography and production, apparently with the intention of adapting them to the talents of the company's two Hungarian guest artists, Istvan Rabovsky and Nora Kovach. Whether these changes have been introduced by them or for them, the result is the same. In every instance the dancers' individual virtuosity has been stressed at the expense, in my opinion, of Fokine's work. There has not yet been one case in which the choreography utilised by these young dancers has been an improvement on that used by the company before their arrival.

Probably no one is in a position to say categorically whether a certain choreography is authentic or not, and it must inevitably, short of using Labanotation, be left to the discretion of the ballet-master to revive and, if necessary, revise the ballet as he thinks fit. But one must deplore changes when they injure the quality of the ballet.

The version of *Shéhérazade* danced by Rabovsky and Kovach, differed in a number of respects from that presented hitherto, most notably in the interpolation of a long *pas-de-deux* for Zobeide and the Golden Slave. Had the choreography of this been more in accord with the rest of the ballet the heightened dramatic interest it gave to the leading characters could well have been an advantage, as it was it became little more than a cheap display piece.

Kovach's Zobeide appears to be a sincere if not completely successful characterisation (her acting confined itself narrowly to languorous glances and heavy breathing), while Rabovsky is a Slave more Gilt than Golden. Last month I suggested that his dancing could become a legend; now having seen him dance many times in a wide variety of roles I suspect that the word I really needed was myth. Not that there is anything mythical about his technical accomplishment—his physical equipment for dancing is superb, it is almost analogous to a Palm Court violinist playing on a Stradivarius.

A rose by any other name

If I found the choreographic changes that heralded Kovach and Rabovsky's appearance in *Shéhérazade* little to my liking, those made when they danced Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose* (last summer they danced a ludicrously unpoetic version reportedly choreographed by a gentleman called Ferenc Nadassy) were even more distasteful. The brassy athleticism of their inapposite choreography was fortuitously and ironically underlined by the implications of the speech made the night after their debut, by Madame Tamara Karsavina on the occasion of the special Diaghilev commemoration performance.

Karsavina called *Spectre* a masterpiece because it could not be better expressed than by Fokine's choreography. This view would not appear to be wholeheartedly shared by those responsible for the Hungarians' appearance in the ballet. To take an obvious instance Fokine omitted to include in his choreography a plenitude of *double tours en l'air* (at least he did in the version referred to by Karsavina) but when danced by Mr. Rabovsky this omission, together with one or two others, was amply rectified.

I am not trying to teach anyone how to suck eggs, and I hold no brief for the sanctity of so-called "original" versions, but when I see the same ballet on two successive nights in two dissimilar versions one of which looks little more than a parody of the other, and when I read in my programme that both have choreography by Fokine, reproduced by Anton Dolin with the assistance of Madame Karsavina—I am puzzled. I yield to no one in my respect for Mr. Dolin, and I do not expect this from a company associated with his name. Dolin has re-created a masterpiece for my generation that would otherwise have been lost. If he had restored an old master to the world, he would not allow anyone to deface it with a false moustache, so why does he let anyone tinker around with *Spectre*? Let it be!

Fokine as intended

TO turn to happier occasions, John Gilpin and Belinda Wright have been dancing beautifully, in the quaint, old-fashioned version of *Spectre* dreamed up by Vaudoyer and Fokine. Gilpin has never danced this better. He needs to relax his facial expression a little, then his zephyr-like dancing will make its full effect. Seeing his performance together with Wright's touching unsophistication as the Young Girl, goes a small way in lessening the sense of loss I feel in never having seen the Diaghilev Ballet.

Despite a décor that I would prefer to remember rather than see, the company's performance of *Les Sylphides* is probably as good as any extant, but the casting this season was not of the most felicitous. Although both Gilpin and Oleg Briansky are excellent in the male role, they did not receive a great deal of help from either Kovach (n.b. dancing the same version as anyone else) or Toni Lander, neither of whom are ideally suited to Fokine's evocation of romanticism. Marilyn Burr (*Valse*) and Noel Rossana (*Prélude*) could probably exchange their roles with mutual advantage.

THE final Fokine offerings were *Petrouchka* and *Prince Igor*. The former is in better shape than ever before with this company. Anita Landa and Louis Godfrey have both been surpassed as the Doll and Moor, but Dolin is now giving more to the title role and performance of ensemble has, over the years, improved beyond all recognition.

Russell Kerr, who danced the Chief Polovtsian Warrior in *Prince Igor* during the first part of the week, has acquired much greater authority in the part than he possessed when I first saw him last Christmas. He still needs to dominate the scene more, and his dancing requires that elemental sense of power to be added to his present attack. However this is a promising portrayal, as was his performance of the Chief Eunuch in *Shéhèrazade* Even in a company where male talent appears to blossom as freely as the trees in Spring, Kerr's progress during the past year has been noticeable. C.B.

Munro into the breach

AS Tamara Toumanova sprained her ankle a few days before *Giselle* went back into the repertoire, somebody had to be found to play this most difficult of all classical roles. In such a crisis people usually turn to Ballet Rambert and as usual Ballet Rambert was not found wanting. Mary Munro, who had given several performances in the Rambert *Giselle* stepped forward.

On the day after her first performance she was hailed by the press as a new star and once again Madame Rambert's devoted tuition triumphed. However it should be remembered that Munro's apprenticeship was far from complete.

That she managed to get through the two acts of a production that was new to her is worthy of the highest praise but it was a long way from being a finished product. Her technique is weak and this was particularly noticeable in the first act variation; on the other hand she made-up in good measure by her sincere artistry and her mad scene showed great promise. One got the impression that she was feeling her way to a true interpretation; feeling her way along the right path.

Much the same can be said for her second act in which she was convincing without ever touching greatness. It was no small task to suddenly have four performances of *Giselle* in three days and by the forth she was obviously tired. She is a very pretty girl and this fact covered up many of her weaknesses but she has got to work very hard, probably for many years, before she will be a runner-up in the eminent line of great artists who have essayed this role. If she is fully conscious of this fact, and I think she is, then hers one day will be a notable addition to this line.

Old Albrechts for new

ON the first night she was partnered by John Gilpin as Albrecht. It is now several years since Gilpin first showed such promise in this role at the Stoll Theatre; unfortunately this promise has not been fulfilled. He dances and partners splendidly but his characterisation is completely lacking in anything other than that of a rather surprised young boy. In the first act he was not helped by one of the ugliest costumes I have seen. He has developed a habit of dancing with a forced grin this is most unbecoming.

In the second act both his costume and performance was much better but then he is called upon to dance more than act and he was not found wanting.

Night after night Gilpin has to dance innumerable roles in the Festival Ballet repertoire and it is doubtful whether he has much time to give a great deal of thought to his interpretation of a role such as Albrecht. Maybe the time has come for him to take temporary leave of absence and go and work with some teacher for a few months. As the most promising British male dancer since Dolin in 1924, far greater care should be taken with his development. If Festival Ballet can spare him after their American tour, they will find that they will reap rich reward from such a move. Sadler's Wells Ballet sent Michael Somes to study with Volinine for a short period and as a result we have the Somes who has justly received acclaim both in this country and in America.

ON the last of Munro's performances, she was partnered by Anton Dolin. Now Dolin is not, as far as years go, a very young man but for style and nobility I have not seen his equal since he danced the same role on his birthday in 1953. And what a lesson in partnering! In the second act Mary Munro looked as though she would float away through the branches of the trees. Even if he is not so nimble as of old in his variations, he can finish them in such a way that the audience gets the impression that they have never seen such wonderful dancing. How is it that a man approaching his fifties can give such a performance? The answer lies in his magnificent schooling which will be with him until he draws his final breath.

Neapolitan change

LIKE most of Festival Ballet's productions, Lander's revival of Bournonville's *Napoli* was altered considerably after the first night. One or two people complained about its length, though actually the work suffered at its premiere by following what seemed a very lengthy *Giselle*. But for once it really seems a shame to cut a single moment from this enchanting ballet and it is to be hoped that when Festival Ballet returns from its American tour the ballet will return to its original shape.

Mary Munro, who left Ballet Rambert to join Festival Ballet, steps on in the first act of Giselle *at Festival Hall.*

Photo: Leon Ward

The first cast is reviewed on another page but later in the season, John Gilpin and Anita Landa alternated with Toni Lander and Oleg Briansky. Anita Landa will make a good Teresina when she has completely mastered the style of Bournonville. She could not help but suffer comparison with Toni Lander in the same role who gave one of the most exquisite exhibitions of this particular classical school (which is really the true French school) ever seen in England. Anita Landa has not quite found the border line which divides the sweet from the overcoy but she has the right idea and greater familiarity with the style should make this the ideal role for her.

Gilpin danced well from his waist down though he should never allow his *développé* to go higher than an angle of 90 degrees to his other leg. His arms were rather wild and until he has achieved the correct Bournonville *port de bras* his Gennaro will lack conviction. Nor did his fair hair give much credence to his Neapolitan birth—there are hundreds of fair boys in Naples but on the stage, black hair is a convention which gives added conviction.

Festival Ballet must beware of burlesque in ballets of this kind for although during their London season they gave excellent performances, there was a slight tendency to exaggerate particularly in Keith Beckett's Street-Singer solo. Without Harald Lander's masterful eye on the production it could well disintegrate into a parody.

Toumanova steps out

TOUMANOVA finally made her first appearance with the company on September 2. She worked-in gradually by giving *The Dying Swan*. If the films of Pavlova are any judge, and I have reason to think they might be, then the choreography Toumanova danced was not very similar. She started by coming-on on a different side of the stage to both Pavlova and Markova. But if what she did was not the Fokine we know, it certainly made an impression. One became conscious of being in the presence of a great ballerina and it was certainly a swan that died even if not Fokine's. Her beauty is so compelling that she can get away with murder—and frequently does. She is the only ballerina that I will forgive curtain-calls of such exaggeration that they become almost a travesty.

Technically, Toumanova is still a very strong dancer but her years in America and her years of appearing as a guest ballerina all over the world have brought about a certain chi-chi which would never have occured had she remained with one company. She obviously aims at giving her public extra value for their money but I cannot help regretting slightly the grave wonderful artist of the de Basil days.

A great actress

HER debut in a full-length role was made in the revised and shortened *La Esmeralda* on September 9. All discretion thrown to the wind she gave a performance which closely resembled Pola Negri or Theda Bara of the silent screen. Against my better judgement, I say that the whole thing was highly enjoyable but I sincerely hope that nobody will attempt to emulate her. The greatest revelation was that Toumanova is a very fine actress. For the first time, the story was perfectly clear and there was little need to resort to the copious programme notes. It may have been "ham" but there is nothing wrong with "ham" in the theatre provided it gets-across what it is trying to do; *La Esmeralda* was badly in need of someone to get it across.

Toumanova comes on with a flourish and never lets up until she is finally reconciled to Gringoire in the new happy ending. She is a temperamental, sluttish, sexy gipsy with a heart of gold. It is possible to imagine that Priest Frollo might lose his senses, at the cost of being de-frocked, all on account of her. But Toumanova was not all flashing eyes and jangling bracelets, she had many tender moments. Particularly touching was her obvious reverence in the presence of a priest, her horror amounted to confused terror when she realised that his designs upon her were far from saintly. Her scene in prison was a great *tour de force*.

Her dancing was flashy all through and somethings, particularly her *piqué* turns, were outrageous but it all added up to a great deal of excitement in the theatre. She also had some new costumes the first of which was a very *chic* black and purple gipsy affair. Her tutus for Ballroom scene and for the final *pas de deux*—one in electric mauve and the other in English mustard—were too garish and at variance with her surroundings to be acceptable. In the ballroom she comes on with a gold bandeau around her forehead that makes her look like the daughter of Pharaoh. Let us hope that these two latter will be re-designed without delay.

The greatest change in the ballet is the re-orchestration by John Lanchbery and Charles Mackerras. Instead of wambling one in a rather dilatory way as it did previously, the music repeatedly reaches a series of climaxes not always matched in the choreography. No doubt with more rehearsal a happy balance will be struck. All those who relied on *La Esmeralda* to allow them an evening of quiet snoozes will find that they are now deprived of their pastime.

The changes are many and there will possibly be many more. Several scenes have been omitted or telescoped and everywhere there has been a tightening-up. It is doubtful whether the ballet will ever be a great one but by the time the company returns to England, it will possibly become a popular favourite.

Verdy replaces Wright

BY the time these words appear, Belinda Wright will have left Festival Ballet and more is the pity. She is a charming dancer who makes the perfect foil to the other ballerinas in the company. She has a gay quick-silver quality of the ideal soubrette. One always hoped to see as Swanilda in *Coppelia*.

The company were lucky to be able to replace her with Violette Verdy who was last seen in London in *Le Loup* with Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris. She has travelled a long road since we first saw her as a little clown with Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Then she was known as Nelly Guillerm. Today, possessing a formidable technique and a lovely stage presence she looks as though she will become one of France's most distinguished dancers.

In the last week of Festival Ballet's season at Festival Hall she danced the Sugar Plum Fairy in the last act of *Nutcracker*. She is perfectly proportioned, has lovely legs; she in many ways, though not physically, is the dancer that most reminds us of the ever-beloved Irene Baronova. Her dancing was like delicate iceing-sugar. She and John Gilpin make the pair I would most rather see in this ballet.

W.

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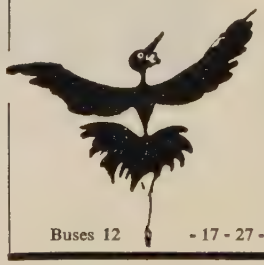

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CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

A Third-generation dancer

CONTEMPORARY Dance Theatre opened their second season at the Toynbee Hall Theatre on September 6, with a dance recital by the well-known American modern dancer Eleanor King. She is what is customarily called in the States a "third-generation" dancer as she indirectly stems from those great pioneers of the modern dance—Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn—via her own teachers, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman.

A contemporary and sometime colleague of another famous Humphrey-Weidman dancer José Limon, she has a formidable record of achievement to her credit. Feeling that the modern dance was becoming too inbred by being centralized in New York, Miss King has based her activities on the West Coast of America, principally in Seattle. She has recently been appearing in Europe; this recital at the Toynbee Hall Theatre marked her English debut.

In the programme for her recital Miss King gave the following admirably succinct definition of her medium: "Modern Dance is the communication of experience, in terms of movement, with content determining form". Unfortunately her actual recital did not appear to live up to her excellent precepts. Too often her dances fell between the twin stools of form and content; they had not enough dynamic plasticity to make them visually satisfying in form, nor did their content, at least to this observer, provide much food for thought or feeling.

Her two so-called "abstract" dances, *Invocation* (danced to Bartok) and her music-less *Transformations* appeared to lack the very qualities of imgaination and imagery that might have justified them. They were more arbitrary than abstract, because whereas an abstraction must surely crystallise content into form and have some kind of discipline, these dances seemed pointless in their anarchy. They had no inevitable progression of movement, and this to me was their fatal flaw.

Both dances also suffered from a certain grimness of expression. It is not in itself bad that most modern dance appears "introverted" (so probably are most modern people) but such introversion does make it a push-over for the fault of taking itself too seriously. One of the most valuable attributes that can be possessed by a modern dancer is a sense of humour.

If I have criticised Miss King as a choreographer it must not be thought that she has not many merits as a dancer. Two simple dances *Soliloquy in the Morning* and *Dance in the Afternoon*, called by their choreographer "contrasts of archaic styles" and set to interesting music by Roy Harris, showed Miss King as having a well-founded technique and communicable personality.

Four roads to Hell

Her two "major" works *Odyssey* and *Roads to Hell* I have left to last. The first, her most recent work, is of no commanding interest—the choreography wants for invention, the theme calls for a personality bigger and more vibrant than that possessed by its interpreter.

Roads to Hell was, I believe, very well received by American dance critics when it was first produced in New York in 1941. It proved to be the most considerable work shown in her London recital.

A suite of four dance studies depicting a quartet of deadly sins, Pride, Sloth, Envy and Wrath, it had a unity of conception and a structure that was at least climatically satisfying. Her study of Sloth (danced in what Doris Hering once aptly described as "the nearest of kin to a mothproof garment bag") possessed genuine invention. Pride, although over-prolonged, also had some good moments, but Envy was too nebulously, and Wrath was too conventionally characterised to be as convincing as their sister sins. The suite was originally composed entirely without music, the music by Genevieve Pitot being added later.

One of the lessons to be derived from this recital would appear to be that modern dance, like modern ballet, is essentially an affair for companies rather than recitalists. How many dancers, of any denomination you like, could sustain a full evening programme? Miss King seen in her proper *milieu*, as supported with her own dance group would quite possibly have made a far better impression. As it is we are grateful to Miss King for having shown London something of the Humphrey-Weidman dance technique, grateful to the Contemporary Dance Theatre for giving us the opportunity to sample at first-hand an important modern dance style, and finally grateful to Miss King's accompanist, Robert B. Smith, for his excellent playing throughout the evening **C.B.**

TELEVISION

Alicia Markova in Limelight

Given on August 24. Additional choreography by Pamela Kail. Settings by Stephen Taylor. Orchestra conducted by William Hill Bowen. Devised and produced by Henry Caldwell.

HENRY CALDWELL sprang a pleasant surprise when he introduced Alicia Markova in his programme; it was a well-kept secret (there was no mention that she would appear either in the Radio Times or in the National Press). It was yet another tribute to Serge Diaghilev that Markova should consent to appear on the eve of her departure for the United States, even to the extent of postponing the time and date of her departure to the following day. She chose to dance the same solo, with which she first auditioned before Diaghilev at the age of ten.

Rubinstein's *Valse Caprice* was ideally suitable for television purposes and Markova danced it charmingly. It was not difficult to imagine what must have passed through the mind of Diaghilev, when his 'little English Girl' first danced before him.

The dance was performed against a superimposed sketch of Diaghilev, a subtle and effective touch. We were also to be honoured with well-controlled camera work; there could be no complaints against the lighting.

At the completion of the dance, we saw Markova in her dressing room conversing with Henry Caldwell. She produced her famous 'Whopper Scrapbook.'

A further surprise was in store as an excerpt from a film of *Giselle* was shown. This was made by

(continued on Page 33)

Another dance from the Shquiptar Suite *which is made up of archaic forms of folk dance produced by the age-long Turkish rule. Right: One of the Posavina Dances from Croatia that are performed on St. John's Day.*

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Harry Cordwell as a German Tourist in Peter Darrell's Celeste and Celestinha. *This was one of the most successful of the ballets given at lunchtime by the City Ballet Society.*
Photos: Roy Round

Basil Pattison, Jeanne Artois and Glen Gordon in Perrottet's Sonata in D *for City Ballet Society.*

Henry Caldwell some three years previous: with Markova as Giselle and Anton Dolin as Albrecht. What we saw of the film was effective. The only regret being that it could not have been longer, for only part of the first act was shown—after Berthe, Giselle's mother, has taken her guests into her house to be entertained.

This was Markova's fourth appearance in nine months; during this time she has cultivated a very charming television personality, which shows her to even greater advantage on each successive appearance.

Les Ballets Basques

A programme of regional dances from North Spain.
Given on August 15. Director, Philippe Oyhamburu. Presented for television by Philip Bate.

THE company of Basque dancers were seen to a much greater advantage on the television screen than in the theatre. Although that element of colour, so essential to dancing of this character, had to be sacrificed, the programme only lasted fifteen minutes; with the result that the limited range of this regional company did not become in any way tedious to watch.

As on the stage, the gentleman who played the Txistu was the undoubted success of the evening; the camera gave us some most interesting shots showing the manner in which he played this instrument, whilst with his other hand, he beat a small drum with remarkable dexterity.

The other place of honour in this programme was occupied by the fine choir, which was conducted by the director of the company. The evening was brought to a close by a noisy *fandango,* danced on a long narrow wooded box supported by four bearers. This called for an acrobat rather than a dancer; the position was well filled; this dance was cleverly televised, bringing a satisfactory quarter of an hour to its close.

All Your Own

Given on August 15.

ON Children's Hour, in a programme designed to show off the various talents of children of all ages, Joy Fisher, a fifteen year old student from a well-known Tunbridge Wells Ballet School, danced the *Dying Swan;* this solo was originally choreographed to suit the unique style and personality of Anna Pavlova; few ballerinas today dare even attempt it. Why therefore, allow this very promising student to attempt something for which she could not be more unsuited? It is curious that she should be allowed to attempt this dance even in a classroom, let alone on television, before an audience of several million people.

Let us by all means see promising ballet students on television, but let them be given something that shows them to their best advantage and not merely to cause embarrassment.

Edingburgh Festival.

SERGEI DIAGHILEV 1872-1929

Given on September 3. Commentator, Aidan Thomson. Interviews conducted by Maud Risden. Presented for television by Noble M. Wilson.

IT was with a certain sense of anticipation that I awaited the television programme devoted to the Diaghilev exhibition at the College of Art, I had hoped to see many of the exhibits that had been gathered together by Richard Buckle.

This programme, as presented, would have been better suited to sound radio for little use was made of the advantages of television; three-quarters of the programme was occupied in either interviewing personalities or listening to their recorded voices, all using more or less the same words in eulogising Diaghilev. It was like listening to the opening speech of an exhibition over and over again; once, it was admirable, but tedious when repeated at frequent intervals.

The cameras and those that deal with the sound track spent most of the programme chasing round to capture views of the guests, distinguished or otherwise, chatting with Maud Risden, all with cocktail glasses in their hands; at one time the sound track department did not quite catch up with one guest, so we witnessed a silent interview.

As far as the exhibits were concerned, we were fortunate enough to get a few fleeting glimpses of the original *Firebird* designs, of the model theatre with the Picasso set for *Le Tricorne,* and one or two of the costumes for *Schéhèrazade.*

At this great exhibition, what a golden opportunity it would have been to *show* the several million viewers, much of the work that Diaghilev had influenced, instead of just hearing the same things said about him with an occasional hurried glimpse of an exhibit.

Of all the personages who were interviewed, by far the most interesting was Lady Juliet Duff; she alone was able to conjure up a living image of Sergei Diaghilev as a man, not only as a past genius.

Nicholas Baker

CITY BALLET SOCIETY

A GROUP of dancers at present appearing in the London musical *Wedding in Paris* have combined together with one or two other dancers to form the City Ballet Society. The object of this society is to give lunch-time performances at the Toynbee Hall Theatre for office-workers in the City of London. Programmes are scheduled to start at 1.15 and end at 1.45 p.m., and each programme will consist of two ballets.

The artistic director of this praiseworthy venture is Philippe Perrottet, and the music is under the direction of Michael Hobson. Also appearing with the company is that first-class bass-baritone from Sadler's Wells, Alfred Orda, who sang an *aria* from *Prince Igor* in the opening programme on September 2. The group got away to a promising start and it is to be hoped that their enterprise will find a place for itself in the ballet scene.

SONATA IN D

First given on September 2, 1954, by the City Ballet Society at the Toynbee Hall Theatre. Choreography: PHILIPPE PERROTTET. Music: MOZART. Décor: LOUIS GASTON.

CAST
JEANNE ARTOIS
GLEN GORDON BASIL PATTISON
EILEEN ELTON JEANNE LUSBY DIANA PAYNE

THIS is a plotless ballet to a Mozart sonata. The curtain goes up on a handsome, simple architectural setting of two balustraded arches. The virtues of Philippe Perrottet's choreography are negative rather than positive. Although it rarely, if ever, offends the canons of good taste, neither does it ravish the eye or intellect with its beauty and felicity. In brief it adds nothing to Mozart's music, and so aesthetically speaking, fails in what should have been its main purpose. On the other hand it provides a moderately useful introductory work for the group and was respectably danced by the four girls, even though the classical technique of the two men did not stand up to the test so successfully. The ballet has a non-austerity look of professionalism about it, which, let us hope, augurs better things for the future.

CELESTE AND CELESTINHA

First given on September 2, 1954, by the City Ballet Society at the Toynbee Hall Theatre. Choreography: PETER DARRELL. Music: CARLOS SEIXAS. Decor and Costumes: DOUGLAS SMITH.

Celeste - - - - - - - - - JEANNE ARTOIS
Celestinha - - - - - - - - - JEANNE LUSBY
Vasco - - - - - - - PHILIPPE PERROTTET
Villagers - - - - - EILEEN ELTON, DIANA PAYNE, GLEN GORDON, BASIL PATTISON
A German Tourist - - - - HARRY CORDWELL

THE ballet's slight theme set in a small Portuguese fishing village tells how Vasco, returns to his girl friend Celestinha. Her sister Celeste is attracted to the lively Vasco but he soon finds her far too tall for a man of his own modest proportions to handle. He, spurning her advances steadfastly confines his affections to her shorter sister, Celestinha. Just when it seems as though things are going to turn out glumly for the unfortunate Celeste, along comes a German tourist of *heldentenor* dimensions. Celeste soon proves more useful to him than his Baedeker, and all ends well.

The story has wit and the choreographer Darrell tells it with style if not brilliance. The music by Carlos Seixas made no indelible impression, but the décor, consisting of a cut-out of some fishing boats against the cyclorama and some decorative panels in the wings, and the costumes, based on traditional Portuguese designs, both by Douglas Smith, were a colourful example of what can be produced on a modest budget by the application of a little ingenuity and taste.

The work received a lively performance, particularly from the company's leading dancer, Jeanne Artois, who was amusingly woebegone as Celeste, and Philippe Perrottet as the ardent Vasco.

AS A PHANTOM

First given by the City Ballet Society at the Toynbee Hall Theatre on September 9, 1954. Choreography by PHILIPPE PERROTTET. Music by SCHUMANN. Décor and costumes by HARRY CORDWELL.

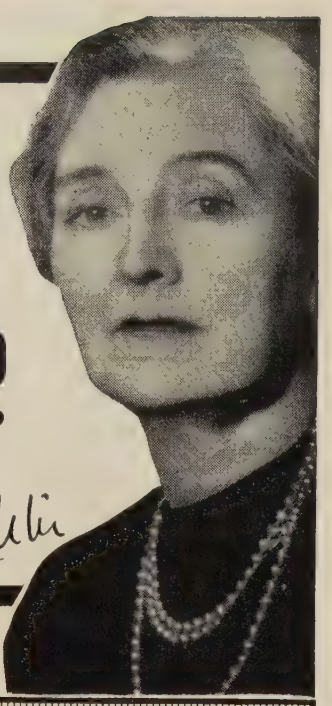
A Poet - - - - - - HARRY CORDWELL
His Fiancée - - - - - - EILEEN ELTON
Her Friends - JEANNE LUSBY, DIANA PAYNE
A Phantom of Death - - - - JEANNE ARTOIS

Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,
And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?
The transient pleasures as a vision seem,
And yet we think the greatest pain's to die.
Keats.

A POET'S melancholy reverie on a book is interrupted by a visitation from a phantom of death. The arrival of his Fiancée and her two friends revives the poet from his romantic gloom, but on their departure Death returns to claim him for her own. Such is the theme of Philippe Perrottet's new ballet.

Set to Schumann music and with the first stanza of Keat's *On Death* prefaced to the ballet as an emblem, the work sets it sights at the evocation of nineteenth century Romanticism. In this aim it is far from being a complete success; the choreography is too pedestrian to call-up poetic flights of fancy, too earthbound to recapture the insubstantial raptures of a death-embracing poet. The best moment in the ballet is not choreographic at all, but comes when a rose, given to the poet by his fiancée, crumbles in pieces at the touch of death. This simple production point had the depth of expression that the ballet as a whole lacked.

Harry Cordwell cut an impressive figure as the poet, perhaps a thought too impressive for a dying artist—his robust frame is ill-fitted to suggest



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(continued from Page 33)

tubercular poets. Yet this disadvantage overlooked, he carried the right air about him. Eileen Elton was surely pretty enough as the fiancée to have made Keats, had he seen her, forget the immortal Miss Brawne, and as a dancer she was competent enough to cope with the small demands made upon her by the choreography.

The most considerable impression in the ballet was however made by Jeanne Artois as the amorous Death. Well-remembered from her appearances with other companies, her dancing, which has an odd mixture of fluidity and angularity in it, is individual and strangely pleasing. **C.B.**

VIENNESE OPERETTA

IT would appear that the classical ballet is gaining ground in Germany and Austria. Unless it has been inserted as an export-only sop to the ballet-concious English, the classical dance apparently is nowadays an integral part of the Viennese operettas. Indeed during the recent season of these delicious confections at the Stoll Theatre the ballet interludes proved to be one of the most popular items in a very popular entertainment.

The ballet group accompanying this Vienna Operetta calls itself, after its choreographer, the Dia Lucca Ballet, and consists of two talented soloists, Grete Sellier and Harald Horn, with a *corps de ballet* of four boys and eight stunningly beautiful girls.

In *Vienna Blood*, an operetta based on Johann Strauss music, apart from supporting the singers in certain musical numbers, the ballet has three distinct spots. In the second Act Sellier and Horn open the proceedings with a lively Gallop, and later the entire company appear in a lengthy and elaborate *Blue Danube* ballet. In the last Act the *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka* is given, again by the complete ensemble.

The *Blue Danube* ballet is a pleasing composition in the soft lights and flowing skirts manner, while the *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka* was used for an invigorating character dance. All the dancing was good although if one wanted to be carping one could fault it on a certain untidiness of technique. But in the circumstances it does not do to be too critical as this is after all "functional" ballet, and within its terms of reference it was entirely successful and enjoyable. **C.B.**

The Princess and the Widow

THOSE unprepared, must have imagined that Kalman's *Princess Czardas* was a Hungarian gipsy affair; in actual fact the operetta gets its name from a cabaret singer who was called that, presumably because she liked to sing a czardas. To give the right atmosphere the Dia Lucca Ballet opened the second act with a czardas which they gave with great spirit, especially the soloist—Harald Horn. Later in the operetta these two are seen dancing behind a gauze during one of the famous waltzes: not easy to see in any detail but the use of movement at this point gave an added lilt to the song which was being sung, rather statically, by the two principal singers.

THE MERRY WIDOW has already been seen recently in ballet form in *Vilia*, which Ruth Page mounted for Festival Ballet. Therefore the dancing used in the version seen at the Stoll Theatre came as rather a surprise. In the second act Hanna (the Widow) builds a replica of Maxim's in her house in order to tempt Count Danilo. If she knew anything about this famous Parisian restaurant she certainly went far wrong in imagining that a Jugoslav Kolo would have been the kind of dancing to attract the wealthy and fashionable man in his search for pleasure. However, her real object was to try and make Danilo homesick for his own country, hence the Kolo and not a frou-frou or naughty garter in sight. It nevertheless made a pleasant change to the usual kind of operetta dancing and the company, within their limitations, gave it well. Later we had a not very convincing Can-Can and Cake Walk. It really needs the Bal Tabarin girls to do this kind of thing. **P.W.**

STOP PRESS

THERE seems every possibility that Frederick Ashton will mount a new work for the Sadler's Wells Ballet either at the end of this year or the beginning of next. It is rumoured that he will be using Rossini music.

IT also seems possibly that John Cranko will not be doing his three-act ballet, with a new score by Benjamin Britten, for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as was originally intended. The Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden will probably give this first full-length British ballet to have a commissioned score in about June of next year. The original title was, *The Green Serpent*, but whether this is what it will eventually be called is uncertain.

Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

AMERICA

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL

THE seventh annual American Dance Festival, produced under the auspices of Connecticut College at New London, Conn., took place during late August and proved, in the main, to be another personal triumph for Jose Limon and his company. According to critical estimates and public acclaim, the highlight of the season was the world premier of a new work, *The Traitor*, choreographed by Limon, that was especially commissioned by Connecticut College. Employing Gunther Schuller's *Symphony for Brasses* score, and with costumes by Pauline Lawrence and décor by Paul Trautvetter, it was danced by an all-male group of eight headed by Limon and Lucas Hoving. Using as its theme the story of Judas, it was a stirring and simple work, primarily dramatic and performed in stylized gesture.

Another major work of this season was Doris Humphrey's *Felipe el Loco*, choreographed to guitar recordings of traditional Spanish music played by Vincente Gomez, Carlos Montoya and Andres Segovia. Like Doris Humphrey's *Ritmo Jondo* of last year, this new work dealt with the essences and characteristics of Spain and its native dance. Its theme, briefly, was centered on Felipe, a gypsy, danced by Jose Limon, who comes from Spain to "a cold, gray northern country" to coach a group of dancers. However, the aloofness and artificialities of this company drove him mad and in his insanity Felipe creates the vision of a Spanish dancer which brings him release.

Though all of this is a superb dramatic idea, the work, at present, is inconclusive due, no doubt, to the fact that Miss Humphrey has actually introduced both the Spanish and balletic idioms in this work rather than use the modern dance form itself, as she did so admirably in *Ritmo Jondo*, to extend the emotional aspects of the dance work. Nevertheless, one senses that with the proper revision this new work will emerge finally as a masterpiece by the time it is performed in New York later this season.

Other noteworthy aspects of this brief season at New London were revivals of two old compositions by Doris Humphrey: *Soaring*, composed for the Denishawn company in 1920, and *Water Study*, created for the Humphrey-Weidman Company in 1930. Also, Charles Weidman and Theatre Dance Company proved again that this *War Between Men and Women*, based on the James Thurber tale, was as hilarious a spoof as it first appeared to be when it was premiered in New York last Spring. A fine impression was also made by dynamic Daniel Nagrin, who appeared as guest artist in two solo works: *Dance in the Sun* and *Strange Hero*.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THE New York City Ballet opened a brief four-week season at the City Center on August 31 with two new ballets by George Balanchine as the only novelties of the engagement. Both set to the music of American composers, the first *Western Symphony*, with Hershy Kay's score based on cowboy tunes, was premiered on September 7. The second *Ivesiana*, to a score of five symphonic pieces by George Ives, was premiered on September 14.

Jose Limon in Doris Humphrey's new work—Felipe el Loco.
Photo: Arnold Eagle

With Maria Tallchief taking a season off to head the newly reorganized Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and with Nora Kaye returned to Ballet Theatre, the City Center company is headed by Diana Adams, Tanaquil LeClerc, Janet Reed, Patricia Wilde, Yvonne Mounsey, Jillana, André Eglevsky, Nicholas Magallenes, Francisco Moncion, Herbert Bliss, Todd Bolender, Roy Tobias and Jacques d'Amboise.

The Nutcracker, the company's biggest hit, at least as far as the general public is concerned, will not be presented during this brief autumn season. It is being held until the November-December season, when it will be performed continually throughout the run to take advantage of the pre-Christmas children's trade. In the interim, Balanchine will be occupied with staging the dances for the revival of *On Your Toes*, starring Zorina. Those of us with a long memory who still recall the 1936 original, which starred another Mrs. Balanchine-Tamara Geva, together with Ray Bolger, eagerly anticipate this production, wondering whether or not Balanchine's by-now famous *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* number will live up to our memories of it.

BROADWAY MUSICALS

WITH Jerome Robbins as co-director (with George Abbott), it was almost inevitable that *The Pyjama Game*, Broadway's newest musical, would be noteworthy for its dancing. In this instance, Robbins called in Bob Fosse, on loan from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as choreographer. One must add that though Mr. Fosse has failed to shatter any of the Broadway musical traditions already established by Mr. Robbins, Hanya Holm or Agnes de Mille, he has, in his first show, demonstrated that he knows his way around the theatre.

In the first place, nearly all of the dances accelerate the pace of the production and are full of praiseworthy movement elements. Mr. Fosse, quite fortunately, has had the great advantage of having Carol Haney, a major new dance talent, as a soloist in his most successful numbers.

Miss Haney, who reminds some of Helen Gallagher and Leslie Caron, is, in addition, a wonderfully zany dancing sprite with a haircut like a shorn chrysanthemum, a pert face and a husky singing voice. Because of her, perhaps, the two outstanding numbers are those in which she appears. One of these, *Steam Heat*, is a moody jazz piece which finds Miss Haney and two male partners hoofing and hissing in a rhythmically explosive dance. Another, *Hernando's Hideway*, is a dance spoof on a synthetic Spanish night club. In addition to all this, there is a wonderfully amusing group dance in which the whole company become tied up in a knot doing a series of overcomplicated enchainments.

Old Vic at the Met.

THE first major event of the new season in New York has been the appearances of the Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, starring Moira Shearer and Robert Helpmann, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Premiering on September 21, too late for review in this issue, the New York critical appraisals of the choreographic aspects of this presentation will be reported in full in the next issue.

Inge Sand's Appearances

INGE SAND, one of the principal dancers of the Danish Royal Ballet, who has been in America on a cultural exchange mission, made four appearances at Ted Shawn's Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival during late August. In addition to dancing her Columbine variation from *Dream Pictures*, she also was seen in a new *pas de deux* by Vladimir Dokoudovsky, from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, with Dokoudovsky as her partner.

Leslie Caron's New Films

LESLIE CARON, who has just completed *The Glass Slipper* in Hollywood and who is currently working

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IN No. 1

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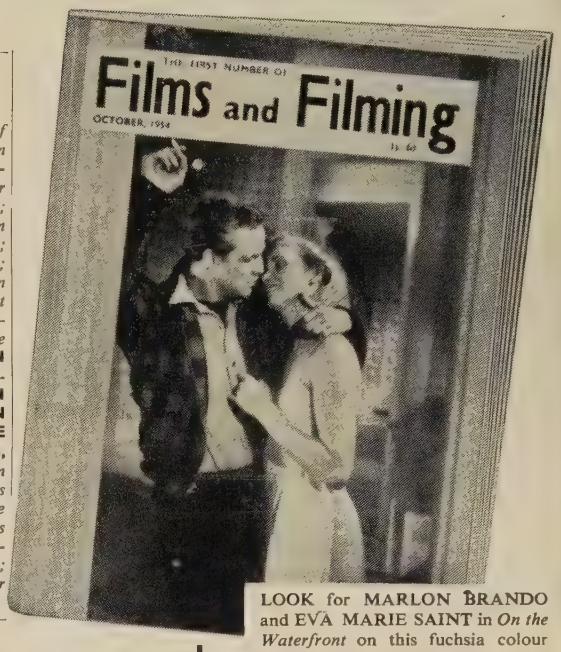

LOOK for MARLON BRANDO and EVA MARIE SAINT in *On the Waterfront* on this fuchsia colour cover of the first number.
Photo: Columbia Pictures

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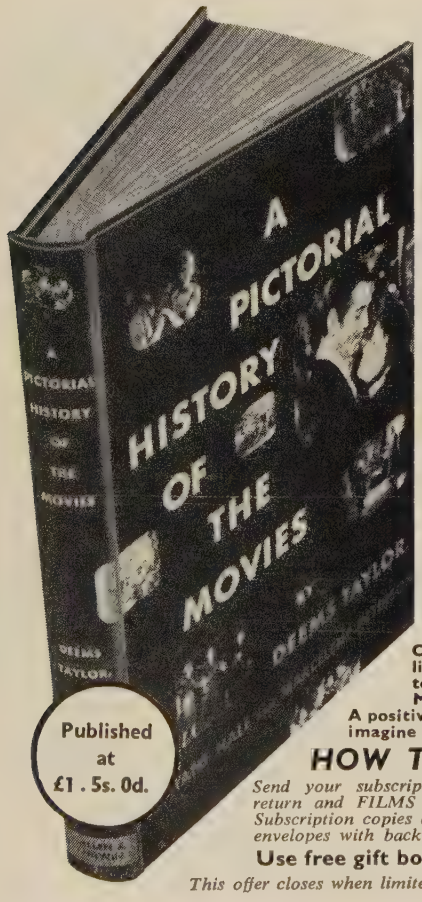

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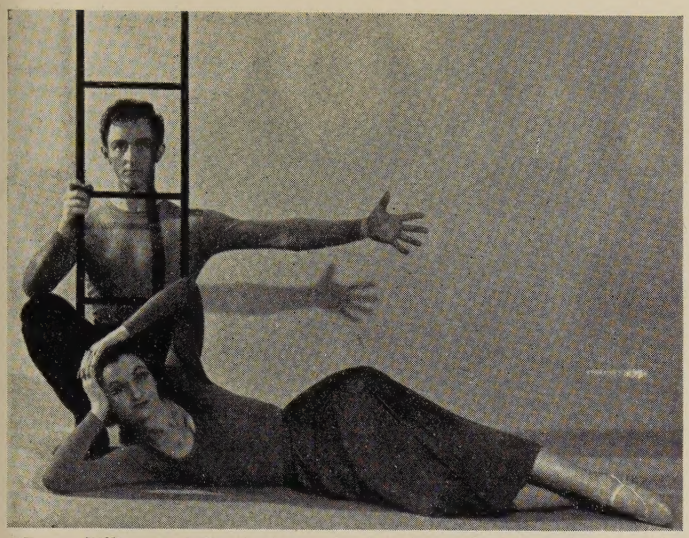

Don Gillies and Ruth Carse in the former's I want! I want! *which had its first performance this year at the Canadian Ballet Festival by the Janet Baldwin Ballet. As well as being responsible for the choreography, Gillies also designed the costumes. Photo: E. E. Amsden*

Another scene from I want! I want! *which was the great success of the Canadian Ballet Festival.*

on *Daddy Long-legs*, has been slated for a starring role in *Latin Quarter*, a fin-de-siecle musical extravaganza. This film will revolve around the story of a circle of high-spirited young artists residing on the Left Bank and bears no resemblance to *Montmartre* ,another Gallic film telling the story of Degas and also starring Caron. In the still more distant future, probably 1955, there will be the film *Two Girls from Bordeaux* to keep Mlle. Caron busy.

Arthur Todd.

DENMARK

Ashton and Taras for Royal Theatre

THE Royal Theatre opened its 207th season on September 1. A few days before that the new repertory was announced. It includes the new ballets which were promised for last season. They are: *Behind the Curtain* with choreography by Fredbjorn Bjornssoh to music of Ole Schmidt, and *Whimsy Lucinda* based on an old ballet of Vincento Galeotti but with new choreography by Niels Bjorn-Larsen and music by Jorgen Jersild.

TOWARDS the end of October, John Taras—who already mounted *Designs for Strings* for the company—will appear as guest choreographer and stage *La Sonnambule* as the theatre has been unable to get Balanchine to come over and mount it himself.

SOMETIME in March, 1955, Frederick Ashton is to mount *Romeo and Juliet* to Prokofiev's music. This will be the second ballet in the repertoire on this subject as Bartholin's version to Tchaikovsky music has been in the repertoire some years and was seen at Covent Garden last year.

ON September 4, soloist Hans Brenaa celebrated his 25th year as an adult dancer. For this special occasion he appeared as The General in Lichine's *Graduation Ball.*

Bent Schonberg.

AUSTRALIA

Borovansky breaks records

FOR several months the Borovansky Ballet have been playing to capacity houses in the Australian cities. In Adelaide, where their season could only last five weeks, they broke the records of the Old Vic company with patrons staying in the streets outside the booking office for seventy-two hours. In Sydney, where they are now playing, people have waited in queues for as long as thirty-six hours to get gallery seats.

PAUL GRINWIS is preparing a new ballet with the provisional title of *Three Devils and a Virgin* to Offenbach music and décor by Elaine Haxton.

CLAUDIE ALGERANOVA has left the company and is remaining in Australia with her husband, Algeranoff, who is still on a class and lecture tour.

Jocelyn Vollmar, previously with the Grand Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas, flew from San Francisco to join the company. She will take over some of the roles danced by Anna Mariya Vamzer who has returned to Hungary.

Peggy Sager who is now dancing The Beloved in *Symphony Fantastique,* gives such an absorbing and exciting interpretation that one can only regret that she was not originally given the part. **E. C. Mason.**

CORSICA

CORSICA is a country whose troubled history has left it few indigenous dances. Those there are are kept alive by groups of amateur folk dancers from the towns and villages whose performances, excellently staged and danced in Bastia and Morosaglia, formed a part of the recent celebrations of the anniversaries of the Corsican patriots, Sampiero Corso and Pascal Paoli.

The dances reflect life in the wild mountains of Corsica which remained unconquered whoever occupied the towns on the coast. But they also owe something to the many races who have attempted conquest of the island or who have settled there, Moors, Turks, Genoese, Neapolitans, Austrians, English and French. Corsicans themselves are talented dancers who may give much in time to the art of ballet. Madame Genevieve Ione, late of the Paris Opéra, the Concert de Danse and the Palais de Chaillot, has made a beginning with her school of classical ballet and dramatic art, teaching sixty pupils in Ajaccio and forty at Bastia.

Peggy van Praagh, Assistant Director of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, on holiday in Bastia this summer, met Madame Ione and saw her small pleasant studio in one of the buildings of Bastia's main *plage.* The new term had not yet started but Madame Ione emphasised the talent available in Corsica and said she hoped that the success of her pupils, most of whom are still very young, would make it possible to re-start a live theatre in Bastia.

It is clear that her task will not be easy because of he smallness of the island's population and the attractiontfof companies in continental France for her more successsul pupils.

Nevertheless, before the war and the arrival of numerous cinemas, the Opera House of Bastia ranked high among the Opera Houses of Europe. Madame Ione therefore has tradition on her side. **Peter Brinson.**

A scene from Janet Baldwin's Cycle *to Debussy music and costumes by Everett Staples, which was also given at the Sixth Canadian Ballet Festival this year.*

Right: Don Gillies and Claudia Andrechuk in the same ballet which is about a young man and his progress through and beyond the life cycle. Photos: E. E. Amsden

Ballet Dates

LE BALLET DU THEATRE NATIONAL DE L'OPERA DE PARIS
At Covent Garden

Revised Programme
September
28-30 *Suite en Blanc, Les Mirages, Les Indes Galantes* (Tableau de Fleures), *Le Palais de Cristal.*
October
1-4 *Les Indes Galantes, Variations, Grand Pas, Phedre, Le Cygne, Les Danses du Prince Igor.*
5-7 *Entre Duex Rondes, Icare, Nautéos, Etudes.*
8-11 *Romeo et Juliette, Prelude à l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune, L'Oiseau de Feu, Guignol et Pandore, Printemps a Vienne.*

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
on tour

September
27 Paris Opera (two weeks). Repertoire includes: *Lac des Cygnes, Sleeping Beauty, Mam'zelle Angot, Les Patineurs, Daphnis and Chloe, Tiresias, Homage to the Queen.*
October
13-18 Teatro alla Scala, Milan
21-26 Teatro dell' Opera, Rome
28 Teatro Dan Carlo, Naples
November 2
5-7 Teatro Cominale dell' Opera, Genoa
9-10 La Fenice, Venice
15 New Theatre, Oxford
22 The Hippodrome, Bristol
29 The Palace, Manchester (2 weeks)
December
13 Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

September
27 Theatre Royal, Glasgow
October
4 Her Majesty's, Aberdeen
11 Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield
18 Theatre Royal, Nottingham
25 Grand Theatre, Leeds
November
1 Theatre Royal, Hanley
8 Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
18 Sadler's Wells Theatre, London
Programme at Sadler's Wells
November
18 *Café des Sports, Lady and the Fool, Carnaval*
19 *Café des Sports, Lady and the Fool, Carnaval.*
20(M) *Sylphides, Lady and the Fool, Café des Sports*
25 *Sylphides, Blood Wedding, Pineapple Poll*
27(M) *Carnaval, Pineapple Poll, Café des Sports*
December
1 *Lady and the Fool, Harlequin in April, Café des Sports.*
4(M) *Sylphides, Harlequin in April, Carte Blanche*
7 *Carnaval, Blood Wedding, Lady and the Fool*
10 *Sylphides, Harlequin in April, Café des Sports*
11(M) *Café des Sports, Carte Blanche, Pineapple Poll*
15 *Carnaval, Blood Wedding, Carte Blanche*
18(M) *Café des Sports, Lady and the Fool, Carte Blanche*
22 *Selina* (revival), *Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll*

BALLET RAMBERT

September
20 Gaiety, Dublin (2 weeks)
October
11 Arts Theatre, Cambridge
20 Stoll Theatre, London (4 weeks).
in One act of *Giselle* with Ingrid Bergman in *Joan of Arc at the Stake*

FESTIVAL BALLET
Tour of Canada and America

October
12 Quebec
13 Ottawa
14-16 Montreal
18-20 Toronto
21-23 Detroit
25-31 Chicago

VIENNA OPERETTA
with the Dia-Lucca Ballet (soloists, Grete Sellier and Harald Horn)

September
27 Her Majesty's, Aberdeen
October
4 King's Theatre, Edinburgh
11 Opera House, Blackpool
18 Opera House, Manchester (two weeks)
November
1 Theatre Royal, Birmingham
8 Grand Theatre, Leeds
15 Royal Court, Liverpool
22 New Theatre, Cardiff
29 Hippodrome, Bristol
December
6 Pavilion, Bournemouth

YUGOSLAV NATIONAL DANCERS
Company of 40 performers

September
27 Winter Gardens, Bournemouth
28 Guildhall, Southampton
29 Sophia Gardens Pavilion, Cardiff
30 Brangwyn Hall, Swansea
October
1 Wales (to be arranged)
2 Colston Hall, Bristol
3 Royal Albert Hall, London
5 De Montfort Hall, Leicester
6 Town Hall, Huddersfield
7 Town Hall, Leeds
8 Town Hall, Birmingham
9 Free Trade Hall, Manchester
11 City Hall, Newcastle
12 Caird Hall, Dundee
13 Usher Hall, Edinburgh
14 St. Andrews Hall, Glasgow
15 Scotland (to be arranged)
16 Music Hall, Aberdeen
18 King George's Hall, Blackburn
19 St. George's Hall, Bradford
20 Royal Hall, Harrogate
21 King's Hall, Derby
22 City Hall, Sheffield
23 Albert Hall, Nottingham

CITY BALLET SOCIETY
at Toynbee Hall, London

Sept. 28, 30 and Oct. 1 (final perf.)
Lunch time Ballet (1.15 to 1.45)

BALLET WORKSHOP
at the Mercury Theatre, London

New season starts on **Oct. 24.** Programme to be announced for **Oct. 24, 31 and Nov. 7.**

DIAGHILEV EXHIBITION
At Forbes House, Halkin Street (near Hyde Park Corner) from October 27

The entire exhibition, organised by Richard Buckle, from this year's Edinburgh Festival.

FILMS
Cinerama at the London Casino

From **Oct. 1.** The programme includes the ballet sequence from the film of *Aida* as well as a water ballet.

Italian Film Festival at the Tivoli, London

October
25 *Carosello Napoletano* with Yvette Chauviré, The Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas with choreography by Leonide Massine. Also Antonio and his Spanish ballet.

LONDON BALLET CIRCLE

October
17 Lecture demonstration of Spanish Dancing by Angleo Andes at the Salle Erard. 2 p.m.
19 Programme of films at the French Institute at 7.45 p.m. including *Soviet Gala Concert* (Plesetskaya, Fermanyantz), *La Bayadere* (Chabukiani), *Capriccio Espagnol* (Massine, Toumanova) Israeli Dances, and various *pas de deux.*

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; ls.— languages; p.r.—photograph requested).

JEAN McDONALD, 66, Fortfield Road, Terenure, Dublin, wants b.c., m. or f. anywhere, m.a. 16½. o.i. music, Gilbert & Sullivan, drawing, tennis, reading.

PATRICIA BULL, 3, Runnymede Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, wants b.c., m. or f., age 16-26, anywhere. m.a. 17., o.i. music, theatre, reading, ls. French. p.r. all answered.

GILLIAN CHAPMAN, 15, Southern Road, Thame, Oxon, wants b.c., m. or f., age 13-15, anywhere. m.a. 13, o.i. dancing, art, stamps, music, theatre. p.r. all answered.

JOHN H. NEAL, 69, Three Crosses Road, Ross-on-Wye, wants b.c., m. or f, any age, in England, o.i. travel, music, films, art, reading. p.r.

NEVILLE WHITE, 38, St. Leonards Road, Northampton, wants b.c., m, anywhere, age 18-22, m.a., 18, o.i., music, theatre, films, p.r.

CHRISTINE BRAITHWAITE, 11, Montague Street, Barnhill, Dundee, Scotland, wants b.c., m. or f. age 14-15, anywhere esp. U.S.A. m.a. 15, o.i. skating, tennis, art, pets. p.r. all answered.

PATRICIA GAP, 11, Lorong 10, Seylang Road, Singapore, 14, Malaya, wants b.c., m. or f, France or anywhere, o.i. music, reading, exchanging ballet photos and magazines, all answered.

CLIFFORD JOHNSON, 15, St. Augustine's Road, Stockport, Cheshire, wants b.c., m, anywhere. m.a. 23. o.i. designing, swimming, travel, stamps, theatre. p.r. all answered.

FREDERIC G. SOBANIK, 853, Naugatuck Avenue, "Riverview", Milford, Conn., U.S.A., wants b.c., m. or f, age 30-45. m.a. 30. o.i. music, travel.

DENNIS BROWN, 20, Clyde Avenue, Sanderstead, Surrey, wants b.c., age 20-30, in London, U.S.A. or France. m.a. 23. o.i. classical music, opera, records, films, theatre. p.r.

LESLIE KIRMSSE, 24, Douglas Street, Launceston, Tasmania, Australia, wants b.c., f, any age, in England. m.a. 12. o.i. films, stamp-collecting, ballet picture exchanging. p.r. all answered.

ANN MELVILLE, 55, Hoyle Street, Bewsey, Warrington, Lancs., wants b.c., m. or f, age 16-18, in Australia, Canada or U.S.A. m.a. 16. o.i. theatre, art, reading, opera, music. all answered.

SHEILA KIRWAN, 79, Coventry Street, Hinckley Road, Leicester, wants b.c., m. or f, age 18-22, anywhere. m.a. 18. (student nurse). Would welcome letters from other nursing students. o.i. music, reading, photography. ls. French. all answered.

ROBERT URWIN, 4, Cambridge Terrace, High Clarence, via Middlesbrough, Yorks, wants b.c. any age, anywhere, esp. London, N.E. England, Brit. Commonwealth, U.S.A., and overseas nationals now in England. s.i. writing, animals, emigration, travel and adventure. o.i. music, psychology, reading. p.r. all answered.

JOAN SINCLAIR, 76, Carden Place, Aberdeen, Scotland, wants b.c., m. or f, age 14-15, in France, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Austria. m.a. 14. o.i. music, dramatic art, reading, all sports, skating and travel. p.r. all answered.

DENNIS HOBSON, 155, Perry Wood Road, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22A, wants b.c., m. or f, all foreign and Commonwealth countries. m.a. 33. o.i. music, theatre, sports. ls. some French, all answered.

PAMELA MURPHINE, 56, Hilltop Crescent, Fairlight, Sydney, Australia, wants b.c., m. or f, age 13-17, in France. m.a. 13. o.i. music, art. ls. French p.r.

SALLY CHESTERTON, 5, Repton Avenue, Wembley, Middx., wants b.c., age 15-18, m. or f, in U.S.A. m.a. 15½. o.i. reading, art, music, sport.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Fred Brommet, is of Yvette Chauviré. She is a principal *étoile* of the Paris Opéra who are appearing at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

CHAUVIRÉ was born in Paris and educated at the school of the Paris Opéra. Graduating to become the principal *étoile*, she left to join Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées in 1946. Her first appearance in London was at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with the Opera ballet during the coronation of George VI. London saw her again when Serge Lifar's Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo gave a season at the Cambridge Theatre. She has made several guest appearances with Festival Ballet both at the Stoll Theatre and at the Royal Festival Hall. She has also appeared in London in concert presentations and at the Nijinsky Galas. In France she has had her own group as well as making concert appearances. On several occasions she has returned to the Opéra but now, it seems, she has returned permanently to take her rightful place at the head of a great company.

This month's back cover, by London Films, is of Moira Shearer and John Hart in *The Sleeping Princess* ballet sequence from the film—*The Man Who Loved Redheads.*

SHEARER was born in Dunfermline, Fifeshire, in 1926. At the age of six, she started her studies in Rhodesia; returning to London, she studied with Flora Fairbairn and Nicholaeva-Legat. In 1940 she joined the Sadler's Wells School. In the following year she made her stage debut with International Ballet. In 1942 she re-joined the Wells and immediately started to take principal roles rising to ballerina status. In 1948 she achieved international fame by her appearance in the film, *The Red Shoes.* This was followed, in 1951, by the *Tales of Hoffmann.* Her first Hollywood film was *The Story of Three Loves.* After that she retired temporarily as she was having a baby. She returned as guest ballerina to Sadler's Wells last year, but had to give up as she was unwell. Last Christmas she appeared as guest artist with Festival Ballet in Monte Carlo. Recently she publically announced that she would retire from ballet and devote her life to acting. She plays a major acting role in the film, *The Man who Loved Redheads,* which will be seen shortly. At the moment she is playing Titania in the Old Vic production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in America.

HART was born in London in 1921. He first studied under Judith Espinosa. He held a R.A.D. student and choreographic scholarship and was awarded the Adeline Genée Gold Medal in 1939. He joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1938 and, except for four years when he served in the R.A.F. he has remained with the company ever since. He has danced principal roles in almost the entire Wells classical and contemporary repertoire as well as creating a number of roles. As well as being a fine partner he now gives very good performances in mime roles. In addition he has become an excellent ballet photographer.

The Wells Theatre Ballet wage dispute

LAST month we published the British Actors' Equity Association statement about the wage dispute in the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Shortly after we had gone to press, this dispute was settled and the provincial tour was embarked on. The dancers, as is known, demanded an increase of at least 30/- a week for everyone. The management then made better offers for some which meant that two-thirds of the company would receive between 30/- and £2 more, but nine dancers were left with rises of only £1. The final settlement did not give these dancers the 30/- demanded but other concessions have been made. Newcomers to the company will in future receive increments of 10/- every six months (the present minimum being £7) up to £9 per week. There has also been an increase in holiday pay from £4 10s. to £6 and a promise that the entire structure of ballet salaries will be reviewed. The theatre promised that it "would consider with Equity at an early date the question of a contract at full salary for 52 weeks in the year."

NEXT MONTH

Look for PATRICIA MILLER, of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, on the front cover of the November number of *Dance and Dancers.*
Also in this issue will be a photo-supplement of THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET IN PARIS photographed specially by JOHN HART.
THE PARIS OPERA BALLET IN LONDON by PETER WILLIAMS. Pictures and personalities of this visiting company.
DANCE NOTATION by JOHN GREGORY.
Another article on ballet in Soviet Russia by EVAN SENIOR—*The Seven Beauties,* **a recent full-length work.**
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This month's full ballet guide

Dance and Dancers

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John Hart Moira Shearer